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The Editors
CENTRAL AMERICA
& THE BIG STICK

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MEMORIES OF AQUINO

THE VIOLENCE OF EVERYDAY LIVING

IN DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH

THE IDA & MORAL IMAGINATION

'NOBODY WANTS AN ABORTION'

JAPAN: END OF THE MERCHANT ERA?

COSTA-GAVRAS'S 'HANNA K'

A NEIGHBORHOOD DISTURBANCE

GOVERNMENT: SINNING BY COMMISSION?

BESS MAGRUDER'S BABY

REVIEWS: ARTHUR A. COHEN, HUSTON SMITH, RAYMOND E. BROWN, NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE, SHELDON GELLAR

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Correspondence

One-sided or not

Mt. Rainier, Md.

To the Editors: It just came to my attention that an editorial in your August 12th issue criticized the publication, *Nicaragua: A Look at the Reality* for making "every attempt to minimize any serious criticism of the Sandinista regime." As a co-editor of that publication, I am compelled to respond.

First of all, your reading of the publication was obviously superficial since the Quixote Center coordinated publication of this piece (cf. the Introduction), not the Intercommunity Center for Justice and Peace whom you cite. The ICJP is, however, one of the many groups that found this publication so valuable that they purchased copies with their address for their entire mailing list.

Secondly, *Nicaragua: A Look at the Reality* has appeared at a time when Reagan propaganda has misled even thoughtful people. The public debate on Nicaragua has moved so far to the right that what is commonly regarded as a "balanced view" is considerably right of center. Those with a positive view of the Sandinistas are often regarded as "uninformed," "one-sided," or possibly "Communist."

In the face of all this, *Nicaragua: A Look at the Reality* offers a generally positive (though not uncritical) view of the Sandinista Revolution. Why? Because that is what I and thousands of other U.S. citizens who have visited Nicaragua have experienced. What we saw and heard — much of it from the poor — is strongly at variance with the Reagan perspective and many media reports. We found a free people, proud of their revolution, participating in political and community life as they have never known it before. We found a people just beginning to realize the benefits of an economy based on the needs of the poor majority, proud of their enhanced literacy and health care. We found a people of deep religious faith who, generally speaking, see no contradiction between their revolution and Christianity.

Those of us who visited Nicaragua were not naive, of course. We asked hard questions of leaders and citizens alike about the criticisms frequently headlined in the U.S. press:

Is Nicaragua "repressive," "totalitarian"? Not in our experience. National elections are planned for 1985; local neighborhood groups promote wide participation in decision-making. People have a new sense of responsibility for their own lives. It's far from perfect — but our system wasn't fully developed in the 1780's either, shortly after our revolution.

Is Nicaragua "Marxist"? Marxism is used as a tool of social and economic analysis, yes. But any connotation of Marxism as "atheistic" or "totalitarian" does not apply to Nicaragua.

Is Nicaragua shipping arms to the popular forces in El Salvador? No public evidence has ever been put forward by the Reagan administration to prove this charge. If we'd found even one truckload of guns, why hasn't it been on CBS Evening News by now?

Is Nicaragua persecuting the church, or is it anti-Semitic? Not from any testimony we heard. The Catholic church is seriously split between those who favor the revolutionary "process" and those who do not, but stories of persecution are unfounded. Edward Cody of the *Washington Post* recently refuted all charges of anti-Semitism as similarly unfounded.

Does Nicaragua have human rights problems? Yes, some. And our publication deals with those forthrightly and factually by simply printing the most recent report of *America's Watch*. Amnesty International offers a similar assessment. Nicaragua has committed some violations of human rights, but compared with the time of Somoza or other countries in present-day Central America, these are minimal.

What about the Miskito Indians? Sandinista leaders themselves admit serious mistakes in dealing with these people, not understanding their culture, language, special needs. Human rights abuses occurred, as our publication documents. But the situation has now vastly improved as the Miskitos are receiving the benefits of the revolution. Reports by visiting U.S. Native Americans concur with this view.

Is Nicaragua a threat to the United States? Only if we fear that the dream of self-determination and a shared economy which benefits the poor will spread throughout Central America — and maybe to the United States!

That's what we found, and that's what we reported. Most "serious criticisms" of the Sandinistas don't hold up in the light of the facts. Those that had some foundation in reality, we covered in the publication.

All in all, we came out with a positive assessment of the Nicaraguan Revolution. And we came away from our visits with deeply saddened hearts, knowing that the Reagan administration is trying to destroy — with its aid to the universally hated "contras" — the hopes of a free people.

If this is one-sided, so be it. It's the truth as we know it.

(SR.) MAUREEN FIEDLER
Co-Director, Quixote Center

Monroe before Brezhnev

Winnipeg, Manitoba

To the Editors: Some comments on the editorial, "Reagan's Doctrine?" [Aug. 12]:

1. The Reagan Doctrine is not so much a case of the U.S.A. adopting the Brezhnev Doctrine as it is the U.S.A. reaffirming the Monroe Doctrine. Between 1806 and 1933, the U.S.A. in-

(Continued on page 574)

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IN DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH

WITH THE DEATHS of Cardinal Medeiros and Cardinal Cooke, two great centers of American Catholicism have gone into mourning, and the entire U.S. church has entered into a state of expectancy. During the next two years, both Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia and Cardinal Manning of Los Angeles will reach the now-usual retirement age of seventy-five. A series of actions and declarations have indicated that the pope is disturbed by the recent direction of the American church. Now four major appointments—out of the seven archdioceses that have been normally headed by cardinals—give the pope an exceptional opportunity to steer the church in this land one way or another. He should act with a great deal of prudence.

At a moment like this, amidst the sorrows and honors occasioned by death, there is also a sharp twinge of frustration, even bitterness. Twenty years after the Vatican Council set forth a vision of the church as a living body in which the members of whatever rank and function must be active participants, the process of choosing new leaders remains essentially unchanged. Priests and religious whose work and lives may be directly affected by new appointments, laity who have deeply committed themselves to the church's life, all feel passive and powerless. There is little confidence that consultation is truly wide and that viewpoints apparently at odds with Rome's will be transmitted and taken seriously. What are the criteria for selection? What kind of information is the pope receiving about the American church as he approaches these decisions? Is there any genuine dialogue directly with representatives of U.S. Catholics? The answers to those questions are shrouded in the secrecy of essentially closed and authoritarian procedures.

Yet such questions have become particularly pressing in view of recent papal statements about episcopal leadership and the United States. Speaking to American and Austrian bishops, John Paul has outlined the role of "servant pastors"—of bishops as living signs of Jesus's compassion and intimate awareness of God's nearness. The Holy Father's emphasis on personal conversion, personal holiness, personal encounters between bishop and the faithful, personal testimony to the certainty of faith and the life of prayer—all this presents not only a tremendously attractive image of the contemporary bishop's vocation; it also provides a guideline especially suited to the American situation. The U.S. church can perhaps be controlled by old-fashioned ecclesiastical apparatchiks; it can be *led* only by individuals who convince by the richness and power of their faith, not merely compel by means of their legal and canonical prerogatives.

Unfortunately, the pope's profound reflections on the tasks of bishops come accompanied, in the American case, not the Austrian, with a familiar catalogue of animadversions—to divorce, premarital sex, homosexuality, birth control, abortion, and the ordination of women. No one would deny the importance of these

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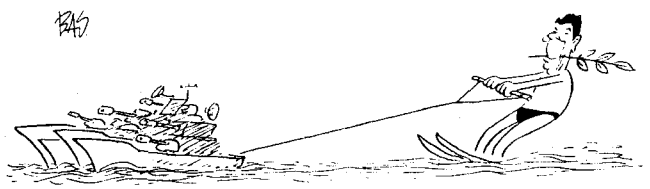
topics or the need for the pope and bishops to address them, although one might wish that they were not lumped together in a manner reinforcing the impression that the church's official teaching on such different issues as abortion, contraception, and women's ordination has more to do with a special Catholic concern for the pelvic area than anything else. But the real point is that these papal remarks so echo other Vatican actions and declarations as to suggest that Rome is persuaded, perhaps under the diligent tutelage of some American conservatives, that complete antinomianism reigns on this side of the Atlantic. Moreover, it is feared that an unyielding, perhaps even uncomprehending,attitude on these specific issues may, in practice, be a more important criterion for the selection of bishops than the pope's larger vision of faith and holiness.

This possibility rests on a dangerous misunderstanding of the American church. In the last two decades, weekly church attendance has dropped, the ranks of the clergy and women religious have thinned, and a great number of Catholics have become determined to make conscientious judgments for themselves on a number of points of doctrine and discipline. At the same time, there has been a tremendous outburst of energy. In region after region, on issue after issue, the church has taken the risk of serving others and not just its own institutional structures. There has been excess and silliness, much of it, in fact, diminishing as the post-conciliar experience is reappraised. But the sins of the American church are by and large the sins of vitality, and one sometimes get the impression that not a few in Rome would much prefer the sins of decrepitude. The level of Catholic belief and practice remains much higher in the U.S. than in Europe; weekly church attendance, for example, is two-and-half times the European average, double what one finds, say, either in "radicalized" Netherlands or "traditional" Belgium. The ratio of priests to laity is twice as high in the U.S. as in Poland, and even the ratio of seminarians is higher. (Surveys show that Polish Catholics are no different than Americans in rejecting official teachings on sexuality and contraception; and one report estimated that there were more abortions than live births in overwhelmingly Catholic Poland, a statistic that raises some questions about the effectiveness of traditional church structures.)

If the extraordinary pluralism of the American church is to issue in service and creativity, rather than in fragmentation and loss of identity, it will require an episcopal leadership which appreciates that pluralism and sees it as a blessing and not an aberration. There is no reason for the American church to be put on probation by Rome.

THE BIG STICK

"I don't see why," observed Henry Kissinger with regard to Chile in 1970, "we need stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people." This seems to be the principle behind the Reagan administration's tightening vise around Nicaragua, and if so one can see the logic of the president's choice of Mr. Kissinger to oversee the commission on Central American policy. Popular sentiment in



the U.S. will no longer readily tolerate sending in the marines—but apparently it will accept almost anything short of that. As the Chilean example showed a decade ago, and as Nicaragua demonstrates today, marines can be effectively replaced by economic warfare, by diplomatic isolation, and by unconcealed CIA actions which violate international law and our own professed values. Congressional critics can't get a head of steam up from their constituents when the horror stories of such policies are so remote, when the average American householder is preoccupied with keeping or getting a job and paying the mortgage.

The folly of all this is that we may win the battle (again, the Chilean example) but lose the war—of ideas, of a promise whose time has come. Insurgencies can be set back but not really stamped out by interdicting arms, not even by looking the other way while the population is submitted to a right-wing reign of terror; no, they will remain a permanent feature of the political landscape so long as Latin American governments refuse to respond to the homegrown "sigh of the oppressed" that's risen to a shout for a fair share of the land's bounty. A policy, consistent over the years for both Democratic and Republican administrations, that backs the status quo, reformist if possible but unregenerate where reasons of state dictate, is bound to sow tiger's teeth.

Administration officials may currently be congratulating themselves on how El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala—and to some extent even once neutral Costa Rica— have fallen into line, now marching to the U.S. drum. The Sandinistas have been driven to pour more and more of their regime's material and psychological resources into defense against the CIA-supported "contras." At best, the administration's strategy could force *both* the Sandinistas in Nicaragua and the government in El Salvador to negotiate compromises with their respective internal opponents. At worst—and the internal dynamics of the Reagan crew make us suspect the worst—the administration could back the Salvadoran government to the hilt and topple the one in Managua, all the while shedding crocodile tears about the "incidental" and "regrettable" bloodshed involved.

All to what end? Russian influence and a Sandinista "totalitarianism" that does not torture and murder its opponents would be eliminated—in favor of an authoritarianism that does. The promise the Nicaraguan revolution represents for vast numbers of Latin America's dispossessed would not be allowed to stand or fall on its own record, but transformed into another case of martyrdom by the Roman Empire up north. Meanwhile, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, the Philippines are all in those early stages of a traumatic political transformation that even the hawks later recollect as lost opportunities: "Oh yes, we should have been more far-seeing then, but now the

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chances for peaceful evolution are gone, and under present circumstances. . . ." The practical reality is that a U.S. administration which can't say "no" to right-wing goons in Central America is not going to be able to restrain dictators and nurture democrats in countries of far greater geopolitical import. Currying the favor of the military in Honduras and Guatemala with training centers and high-tech arsenals may win us compliant friends, but at what cost of the message that sends? Opposition political parties in Honduras, labor unions, and the church have all protested the mounting militarization of their country, and the rise in human rights violations. As for Guatemala, last summer's coup brought to power General Mejía Victores, the man who carried out Rios Mott's "scorched Communist" reign of terror against the Indians. After promising to "study" the possibility of land reform, on August 27 Mejía Victores was emphatic: "We are not going to carry out any type of agrarian reform . . . I will not accept pressure from anyone." The two percent of Guatemala's elite which owns two-thirds of the nation's territory, however, received $37.6 million in credit guarantees from the U.S. in the past year, and they are the sole group visibly favored by the general's new tax package. Just what does the U.S. stand for? Unhappily, our allies and adversaries abroad often know the answer to that question a lot more clearly than do we at home.

Meanwhile, in the latest effort to break through the wars of attrition in the region, the Contadora group, composed of Mexico, Venezuela, Panama, and Colombia, has come up with a new, twenty-one point plan, as yet undisclosed, for achieving peace in the area. Most observers surmise it consists of an amalgam of previous proposals, including provisions for the reduction of armaments and foreign advisors, free elections, and some international means of verification and control (perhaps a UN peacekeeping force). Let the specifics remain secret as long as possible; it might avoid the fruitless exchange of contempt nearly all parties to the conflict have consistently shown for each other. Reversing its previous stand, the Managua government has agreed to participate in this bid for a regional settlement through multilateral negotiation. The Reagan administration credits this change of heart to the U.S. policy of wielding the big stick. It may even be the case that the big stick could waken the Sandinistas to the dangers of their departure from the revolution's original promises—political pluralism, a mixed economy, and international nonalignment. But there is much no big stick can do. It cannot really negotiate viable compromises in any of these Central American countries. It cannot repress the force of nationalism, the resentment of Yankee intervention, and the spirit that makes people rebel bravely, if sometimes blindly, against social structures which deny human dignity. It is ironical to realize that reform and compromise in Managua would probably only strengthen the exemplary power of the Sandinista revolution—without diminishing its strain of anti-U.S. feeling. That is one cost of an entire century of relying on the big stick, the kind of cost the U.S. pays worldwide. Until we start counting those costs, however, Washington will always be reluctant to abandon the big stick for the negotiating table.

Washington report

OUT OF COMMISSION

MR. WATT IS NOT ALONE

"WE HAVE EVERY kind of mix you can have," he said, ". . . a black . . . a woman, two Jews, and a cripple. And we have talent." Yes, Interior Secretary James Watt's endearing words for his newly appointed Commission on Federal Coal Leasing have come to be familiar to all "liberals and Americans" (another current Wattage). The Coal Leasing Commission was mandated by Congress, which contended that Mr. Watt was leasing millions of acres of western federal lands for coal mining much too quickly for much too low a price. The Interior Secretary would be required to follow any commission recommendations for changes in the coal leasing programs that were approved by Congress.

The chairman of the Coal Leasing Commission, David F. Linowes—so gracefully designated by Mr. Watt as a representative of the Jewish faith—also happens to be a University of Illinois Professor of Political Economy and personifies the high-powered and versatile academician frequently called upon to participate in governmental commissions. (He most recently served as Chairman of the Commission on Fiscal Accountability of the Nation's Energy Resources, which reported its findings in January 1982.)

Ironically, Prof. Linowes also has authored a study of his experience from 1975 to 1977 as Chairman of the U.S. Privacy Protection Study Commission. This study is one of several interesting essays in the May/June issue of the *American Behavioral Scientist* (yes, Virginia, that journal can have interesting issues) which is devoted to a better understanding of governmental commissions—their use of research and their role in policy-making. One of its observations is acutely relevant to Mr. Watt, and to the entire Reagan administration: namely, that commissions have come to be increasingly more important for *how* policy is decided than for *what* is decided.

The legitimizing role of commissions is coming to take precedence over their fact-finding role. The Coal Leasing Commission hopes to report as early as this December, certainly not enough time for original studies. The Commission members and staff must rely on existing research. What the Commission contributes is that the issue is *seen* to be dealt with. Strange as it seems, and not unlike the situation for other policy areas, the Interior Department is no longer perceived to be dedicated to the common interest. Policies formulated in its recesses are held suspect of special-interest domination (currently to the coal and oil companies, and previously to the environmentalists). To be effective today, a governmental commission must provide adequate visibility for the policy area under study.

Part of that visibility lies in conveying a sense of full

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participation of interests as well as commitment to the common interest. Hence, in his Twentieth Century Fund study of presidential commissions, Frank Popper hauntingly echoes James Watt in suggesting that every person appointed represents a constituency: "A commission generally includes at least one businessman, labor leader, lawyer, educator, editor, farmer, woman, Negro, Protestant, Catholic, Jew. . . ." (He goes on for quite a while but fails to mention the handicapped.) Popper notes further that "this iron law of presidential appointment exemplifies . . . [how] representatives of major sectors of American society participate, collectively, in arriving at consensus on policy." The recent commissions on Social Security and on the MX provide textbook examples of how commissions can be used to build a national consensus.

The National Commission on Social Security Reform was created with the participation of the major actors necessary to build a working consensus. House Speaker O'Neill, Senate Majority Leader Baker, and President Reagan each named five members to the panel. Forming a common front, and facing the precipice of the system's bankruptcy, the president and the leadership of both houses set in place the Commission's delicately balanced plank of recommendations—which Congress, with the reluctance of some and the gratitude of most, crossed over.

The Commission on Strategic Forces, chaired by former National Security Council Chief, General Brent Scowcroft, was established by President Reagan when his unrelenting MX advocacy had seriously eroded the traditional national consensus on defense strategy. Reagan skillfully drew together a commission representing a cross-section of the national security establishment that has dominated this country's arms policy during the Nixon, Ford, and Carter administrations; four former secretaries of defense, two former secretaries of state, and three former directors of the CIA. Their recommendations, not surprisingly, won the endorsement of three former presidents.

This formidable policy consensus linked a limited MX deployment with new arms-control initiatives and was crafted through continuous negotiations and bargaining with Democratic congressional defense specialists, such as Representatives Les Aspin of Wisconsin and Albert Gore, Jr. of Tennessee and Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia. The groundwork for the necessary legislative majorities had been laid by the time the commission's recommendations were submitted to the president on April 8.

The Reagan administration shows no embarrassment in complimenting itself by imitation — one of the more obvious examples being the creation of the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America. (The conspicuous addition of "bipartisan" already indicates a little straining.) The appointment of Henry Kissinger as chairman was frankly characterized by a White House official as a "high visibility" move. Aware of polls showing a decline in voter confidence in its Central American policy, the administration has struck upon the coalition-building potential of a prominent commission as its best recourse. This is an upfront bipartisan appeal that had been led by Democrat Henry Jackson of Washington (whose stature and integrity will be sorely missed in the nation's capital) and Republican Charles Mathias of Maryland in the Senate, and by Democrat Michael Barnes of Maryland — a leading critic of the administration's policy — and Republican Jack Kemp of New York in the House.

On the day the members of the Commission on Central America were announced — labor leader, minority representatives, businessman, and all — a colloquy unfolded on the Senate floor between Minority Leader Robert Byrd and Majority Leader Howard Baker. Senator Byrd stated that he was "becoming a little disturbed by the trend toward what I shall call government by commission. . . ." He expressed his concern that commission reports were being presented in such a way that the Senate was being locked into decisions made by the commissions. "Again and again we are told if we do not accept this little strand or that little strand of a commission . . . the whole thing might become unraveled."

Mr. Baker replied that he did not share Mr. Byrd's concern about commissions: "As a matter of fact, I think we are seeing a genesis . . . of something that may be terribly important politically in this country. . . . It is something that we have to follow as it evolves and develops." After raising such pointed questions about the role of an extra-governmental group and its relationship to our constitutional structures — and leaving them unanswered — Mr. Baker concluded, "I feel that it is an important new approach that is gaining prominence . . . and may offer great promise for trying to diffuse some of the terribly sensitive political issues that sometimes virtually immobilize government from a decision-making standpoint."

A question may arise in your mind for Mr. Baker: is there a limit to the number of sensitive issues that are seen to be immobilizing government decisions? A commission has just been formed on U.S. industrial competitiveness; political pressures have been building for commissions to be established on Medicare and on the deficit. Given the increasing calls for a bi-partisan vehicle to handle these and many other issues, what kind of sensitive political issues will be left for our representatives elected through the normal process of party contests?

JEREMIAH BARUCH

(Jeremiah Baruch is the pseudonym of a Washington writer with a position in government.)

Assassinated Philippine leader

MEMORIES OF AQUINO

HE ALWAYS INTENDED TO RETURN

THE REPORT of his assassination reached me while attending the first world congress of Christian socialists in Sweden. Benigno Aquino would have felt at home here. He defined himself as "a Christian democratic socialist in the

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tradition of Scandinavian socialism."

I first met him in, I think, 1963, in the city of Tarlac, capital of the province of Tarlac, where he was governor, the youngest governor in the Philippines. I was a regional director of the Peace Corps and we were in Tarlac to determine if Aquino wanted Peace Corps volunteers assigned to his province.

He did. His reason was interesting. He was knowledgeable enough to know that our Volunteers were not the most accomplished teachers of English or science. Well, some were, some weren't. He was willing to take his chances. "I want them in Tarlac," he said, "because they can be a catalyst for our young people, an intellectual stimulant. They can give our students some idea of the wider horizons that lie beyond Tarlac. Yes, I want them here."

We had lunch together, a delightful lunch. I could not remember when I had met a more bright and charming man. He told us of the time when he was twenty-one-years-old and had traveled to New York to meet with the board of directors of Chase Manhattan or some equivalent money bags. In this one meeting he persuaded them to loan his family $1,000,000 to improve their sugar plantation in central Luzon. He was clearly proud of the accomplishment, and we were clearly impressed.

I followed his career with great interest, rejoiced when I learned he was the Liberal candidate for president, lamented when Marcos, constitutionally barred from running again, tore up the constitution, vetoed the almost certain election of Aquino and, not content with that, threw him into jail, where he lay for years under sentence of death, much of it in solitary confinement.

It was during this period that I read in a Filipino newspaper published in the U.S. that Aquino described himself as a Christian democratic socialist. My interest in him increased even further. Consequently, when Marcos, apparently afraid to kill him, permitted him to come to America for heart surgery, and Aquino wound up at Harvard working at its institute for international studies, I went to see him. We had a good talk. He wanted to know about books that might help his country solve its economic problems and still retain a democratic government. I remember suggesting Michael Harrington's *The Vast Majority*.

I invited him to speak at one of our meetings of religious socialists at Weston School of Theology in Cambridge. Before the meeting Harvey Cox and I had dinner with him and he spoke frankly about the influence of Maoists in the anti-Marcos opposition. It was a serious concern.

At the meeting, however, he spoke mainly about his religious conversion during the time in prison. After several years in solitary he said that he had almost been overcome by self-pity and despair. He had tried and failed to kill himself. He began to read, and reread, the Bible. And to pray. He had a kind of vision of the Virgin Mary. He prayed very hard that he might be allowed to see his family, and the next day they were granted permission to see him. He considered this an almost miraculous answer to his prayers.

He spoke then of his intention to go back, even though he was still under sentence of death.

Months passed, several years passed. He had not returned and I thought perhaps his resolution had weakened. But he did return and the sentence of death was carried out.

I like the words that he wrote from prison to his sister Lupita. They could serve as an excellent epitaph for his gravestone:

"To submit, to yield, and to surrender to the forces of oppression is to give ourselves to despair. But to act, to resist, no matter how puny the resistance, still preserves for us a hope that we stand erect."

JOHN C. CORT

(John C. Cort is a free-lance writer and co-editor of Religious Socialism. *From 1964 to 1970 he was director of the Commonwealth Service Corps.)*

Ollman v. Evans

THE PROPER BALANCE

IN CASE OF LIBEL

ON AUGUST 5, 1983, a panel of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, in a widely noted decision, held that a Marxist professor of political science had a prima facie case of libel against two national newspaper columnists who had charged, among other things, that he desired to use the classroom for "indoctrination," that he was not a scholar but a "political activist," and that he had "no status within the [academic] profession." Since I was attorney for the winning party and since perfunctory newspaper reports do not fully capture the nuances of this important decision, I believe that a careful explanation is owed both the public (which is probably totally confused by the present state of American libel law) and the media (which may regard *Ollman v. Evans*—wrongly, I think—as yet another "conservative" retreat from recent Supreme Court holdings which have gone far to insulate the press from liability for libel). The decision—a unanimous finding that the case, originally dismissed long before trial, should proceed—is a sophisticated and successful attempt to strike a balance between twin, often incompatible "goods," the right to reputation and freedom of the press.

In the "good old days," before judicial intervention into the ability of the states to broadly define and heavily punish (often, by excessive monetary awards) libel, the question was simple. Did a writer cast another into "hatred, ridicule, or contempt," and, if he did, was what was written "true?" (Ironically, a mere opinion—which could both be devastating to reputation *and* solely and clearly a reflection of a dyspeptic or idiosyncratic judgment—was generally not actionable.) Ordinarily, the judge would decide, usually before trial, whether the writing *could be* libelous; the jury, after hearing both sides, would

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determine whether the "average reader" could reasonably believe that the writing was both libelous and damaged reputation. Numerous and conflicting sub-rules developed over many centuries to reflect the great strains of libel law prompted by the conflict between reputation and free press mentioned above. Libel law was unquestionably harsh—too harsh—for the defendant since, for instance, it punished "pure" speech and "presumed" damages to reputation even where none could be proved, permitted high monetary awards by juries (including "punitive damages" which are exactly what the term implies, damages that "punish" a wrongdoer in addition to restoring the good name of the libel victim), and required the media defendant to prove—rather than the plaintiff to disprove—literal and complete truth. That harshness, in turn, led to litigational witch-hunts by politicians and other public figures who could afford the enormous costs of suing their media critics.

The configuration of the terrain of plaintiff's happy hunting ground against the media provided for by traditional libel rules and practices was changed by the United States Supreme Court in a series of decisions commencing in 1964. Public figures and political officials had to meet higher standards of proof before they could prevail, so that it became almost impossible for them to harass the media by often unfounded (indeed, on occasion, even well-founded) actions. Damages in all cases (not only those involving public officials or figures) had to proven and could no longer be "presumed." Pure "opinion," at least where the performance of public officials and figures was concerned, gained even greater protection. This is as it should be—and nothing in *Ollman* v *Evans* is to the contrary.

But there is nothing in the theory or practice of the First Amendment which dictates or requires that the traditional tort of libel, when private persons have been maligned (note that no newspaper which carried the attack involved herein was sued), should be abolished. When language, cast either in the form of fact or what may be a "hybrid" of fact and opinion (as at least one judge held), tends to stigmatize an individual, especially in his chosen profession, it should, quite simply, be legally actionable. Again, quite simply, to call a professor an indoctrinator and to attach other invidious and damaging labels to his academic intentions and performance is not protected speech. Such attacks go far beyond opinion. Even after *Ollman* v *Evans*, there is considerable room for journalistic "opinion"—for instance, to claim that a "reputation," in the judgment of the writer, is "unwarranted" or "excessive" would be unexceptional. Of course, other defenses, both traditional (truth, fair comment on matters of public interest) and new (if plaintiff is a public figure) are available as the Ollman case proceeds. But, at this early juncture, to decide that a vitriolic attack on a choice target (I assume that Marxist professors are always or at least generally in America such targets) is not even potentially libelous was simply wrong (indeed, the lower court even admitted that "biased journalism" may have been involved and it blithely refused to decide whether plaintiff was a public figure). The appeals court forthrightly recognized the wrong and permitted the action to continue—there will be other formidable obstacles in plaintiff's path.

The problem with libel law is that its "neutral principles" at present insufficiently distinguish between those who attempt to use the law as a "shield" (to protect a damaged reputation) and a "sword" (to clobber and silence media critics). That has been the problem throughout the ages, and it was the problem only partially addressed by the Supreme Court's "liberalizing" decisions of the last two decades. It has been a constant lament by students of the subject that, often, "undeserving" plaintiffs arbitrarily win while those most damaged arbitrarily lose libel cases.

All that the decision in the *Ollman* case did was to reaffirm that one who would attack another who is already in a socially and politically disfavored position (and that is putting it mildly) will have to show in court either truth or some other justification for the smear. There is no real threat to freedom of the press in this decision; rather, it vindicates individual dignity, and from this we can all take heart.

ISIDORE SILVER

(Isidore Silver is a professor of constitutional law and history at John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York City.)

Of several minds: *Abigail McCarthy*

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

DISTURBANCE IN WASHINGTON

A STROLL in our Washington neighborhood can be exciting. The world is always with us. One morning this past summer joggers and dog-walkers were startled by shouts, ululating wails, and screaming police sirens. Riot had broken out at what Washingtonians call "the mosque," the Islamic Center at the edge of Rock Creek park. American Muslims were challenging the right of the board, composed of the ambassadors of the Arab countries which contributed to the building of the center, to choose the *imam*, the religious leader responsible for its direction and services.

Those of us who live nearby have been vaguely aware of strife at the mosque for some time. For a while it was in control of the dissident group who are largely former Iranians and whose view of Islam is that of the radical conservatives like those who follow Khoumeni. Life at the mosque seemed less decorous and formal under their regime. Each week the courtyard had the look of an impromptu bazaar or flea market as racks of secondhand clothes appeared and stalls were set up to

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purvey books and food to the Friday worshipers. Evidently life within was less decorous, too, and full of contention. Three months before the riot the board evicted the local *imam* and his followers and closed the building for refurbishing and "a cooling-off" period.

Our local radicals did not cool easily. They made huge banners to announce to the passerby that their "First Amendment rights" were being violated and their "freedom to worship" denied them. They held worship services in front of the building in the forecourt. They marched and shouted. The board erected a fifteen-foot-high spiked fence — tasteful but effective — and walled them out of the forecourt. They picketed on the sidewalk holding a huge banner proclaiming a "Saudi-CIA " plot.

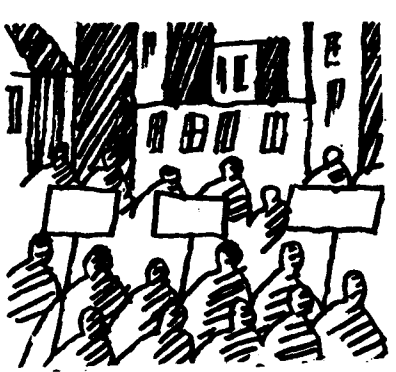
Ramadan, the thirty-day holy period of fasting observed by Muslims, is often a time of mounting tension in troubled countries. So it also seemed to be here. Perhaps unwisely the authorities chose the final feast of Ramadan for the reopening of the mosque. Predictably violence erupted; the official *imam* was set upon and beaten. Regular members of the congregation came to his rescue. He called the police. During a great shouting melee, fifty-two of the dissidents were arrested (and one local religious correspondent who could not persuade the police of his identity). While the offenders were carted away by some of the police, other policemen were asked to stay to make sure that the ceremony could go on in peace. But the end was not yet, since even the more peaceable of the congregation were offended at the sight of *shod* officers in the sanctuary.

Not your usual neighborhood scene—but we take it in stride.

While the struggle was going on neighbors on their way to shop downtown or out at the shopping malls calmly detoured around the mosque when they sighted the flashing lights of the police cars. A few blocks away children staffed a lemonade stand on the street corner. The Muslims and their affairs are part of the neighborhood scene. They seem partly strange, partly familiar. The women who drive car pools to the Center school in the morning may wear head covering and a robe, but as often as not beneath the robe you glimpse sneakers and jeans. The children running about play the same games other Washington children play. While we may not reflect upon it very much, this very proximity, this lack of distance between cultures makes us realize, as perhaps residents of no other American city do, that we are inextricably bound up in international struggle and rivalries. We have an interest in the solution of every problem, because that problem is ours, too.

Our neighborhood is affected by international events. On one corner the Libyan center stands abandoned, the sign heralding its reconstruction left standing forlorn among high weeds. All building halted when the United States withdrew recognition from Libya. Now residents of the neighborhood without assigned parking spaces of their own leave their cars in the unused driveway. On the next corner a skeletal custodial staff cuts the grass and watches over the Ethiopian Embassy, empty for the same reason. The Ethiopians' reserved parking spaces along the curb have not been opened up to us, however, much to our disgust. We do not know whether to blame the State Department or our dilatory city government.

Not only high-level diplomatic decisions affect our neighborhood; we feel the effect of foreign domestic problems, too. We went out one day, shortly after the Mitterrand election, to see with amazement a corps of staidly-dressed French diplomats picketing their own embassy. Diplomats? Picketing? Unheard of, grumbled the retired foreign service people among us. But diplomats there were, demonstrating for cost-of-living raises. "Well," sniffed one of the ladies watching from a distance, "what can you expect? They elected a Socialist, after all."



We fuss at our international neighbors occasionally—over zoning laws and trash removal, over whether their plans for tree removal will blight the neighborhood, over the unfortunate tendency of some of them to use diplomatic immunity to shield them from responsibility in traffic mishaps. But we are often pleased that they are the law-abiding neighbors they are. We agree, for example, that the Chinese are splendid about things. Despite the fact that demonstrators broke their plate-glass windows when they had just moved in, they took down the "reserved" signs on most of the curb space near the chancery. When one of the employees grazed a neighbor's car, a polite note was left, and a check presented promptly—over tea—when the first estimate came.

Perhaps, on the other hand, we do not worry enough about what they think of us. Do they wonder about numbers of scantily clad Americans of both sexes galumphing through the streets night and morning in the summer heat and the winter cold? Do they find the frank stares of our tourists offensive? Sometimes we get hints of their puzzlements—a Chinese guest looks around an apartment and asks, "You have all these rooms to *yourself*?" Sometimes we have more brutal reminders of feelings deeper than puzzlement. I awoke one night, for example, to hear shouts echoing hollowly between the buildings on the street behind me. I looked out just in time to see a man in a white robe and an African cap reel past a gap in the buildings crying "American dogs! American dogs!" What had caused him to give solitary vent to his hostility at two in the morning?

For the most part our relationships in this Washington neighborhood are surface relationships but they are relationships which remind us every day that we are not alone in the world and that we will never be totally self-determinant again—if, indeed, we ever were.

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

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Church/world watch

Cosmic, but not critical

J. Bryan Hehir

RAYMOND ARON once wrote that twentieth-century international relations were a scholar's dream and a statesman's nightmare. The scholar had endless territory for analysis; the statesman no relief from frustration. Moral analysis of foreign policy tends to fuse the dream and the nightmare; the substance of the issues tests the limits of moral reasoning; the stakes of the issues produce a sense of tragedy and terror.

Part of the problem is the array of issues which clamor for attention. Reading any major newspaper, one finds three categories. First, "cosmic questions" which are so visible, so dangerous and so connected to survival that they impose themselves on us; the prime example is the nuclear question. Second, "crisis questions" which are more contained in scope but more decisive in their daily toll of human life; Lebanon and Central America embody the meaning of crisis questions. Third, "chronic questions" which permeate world politics, have consequences which can be as catastrophic as the other issues, but which are at the margin of the public consciousness and the edge of the policy debate. Periodically, the chronic issues take on proportions which force consideration of them. Such is the case this autumn with the foreign debt of developing countries and the funding of both the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the International Development Association (IDA).

The chronic issues have some common characteristics: they are transnational in scope, political-economic in nature, and have greatest impact on the poor of the world. Because they are transnational these issues have a particular complexity—they require major coordinated action. Because they are political-economic they sometimes lack the stark, alarming character of war-and-peace questions. Because they affect the poor most decisively, there are often no powerful voices calling attention to the crisis proportion of these chronic issues.

The IDA-IMF issues, though quite different in nature, exemplify the fate and features of chronic questions. IDA is the more straightforward case. The IDA is the World Bank's "soft-loan" agency; it makes long-term, low interest loans to the "least developed nations" of the world. Behind such code words lies the stuff of human suffering; in the least developed nations GNP per capita is less than one dollar a day. These countries differ in geography, culture, and circumstances; their plight is due to a mix of causes, some natural, some human, some internal, some international; but the common reality is that vast numbers of their people are desperately poor. Poverty in these nations is really "back to basics": the need is for potable water, minimal sanitation, and the bare essentials of nutrition. There are people in the United States—more than most of us know about—who also suffer in this way; but it takes a major effort of analysis and imagination for us to grasp the dimensions of the human problem these nations face.

The reason why such an effort is drastically needed at this time is the miniscule amount of attention these chronic issues now receive in the United States. During the 1970s, when some of the transnational economic questions were under scrutiny, IDA had some close calls in the Congress but escaped without serious damage. The 1980s have been less beneficent. The responsibility rests with the administration, the Congress, and the general public.

The Reagan administration first called for reductions in the U.S. contribution to IDA, using the device of extending the number of years in which our payments would be made. The Congress regularly holds IDA hostage to other issues; indeed the administration, rather than exercising leadership, tells the world the Congress is the problem. Congressional committees confronted with proposals to increase U.S. contributions usually respond by saying that IDA has no public support. The charge is both true, tragic, and unfairly tilted against the American public. IDA has neither public visibility nor consistent constituency in part because the public knows about "cosmic questions" and "crisis questions" but rarely about "chronic questions." The consequences of IDA's status as an orphan in the United States are staggering. At the recent annual meeting of the World Bank in Washington, the Reagan administration proposed a U.S. contribution of $750 million for the next replenishment. The U.S. contribution is then matched on a pro-rated basis by other industrialized nations. The $750 million is substantially below what others expected the United States to propose. This level of U.S. funding will produce an IDA pool of $9 billion; U.S. allies, who have taken on added funding responsibilities in the 1980s, hoped for a U.S. proposal that would have produced an IDA pool of $12-16 billion. The $16 billion figure is needed to sustain IDA funding at current levels over the next four years. The difference between $9 billion and $16 billion is calculated in life-and-death terms for people throughout the world.

The cosmic question of nuclear war has life-and-death consequences which a recently aroused public has effectively grasped. The result has been felt in both the administration and the Congress. Both have been called to account for policies which affect our survival. Presently, no sustained constituency exists in the United States to ask how our action on IDA affects the survival

(Continued on page 575)

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The violence of everyday living

PAUL CONNOLLY

To allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of conflicting concerns, to surrender to too many demands, to commit oneself to too many projects, to want to help everyone in everything is to succumb to violence.

—Thomas Merton,
Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander

TODAY IS LESS violent than most. I work at home. The phone does not ring. There are no meetings. Yes, I should attend a talk tonight, by a Prominent Speaker. I do not want to go. But it is for a good cause, and I should show my support. The car is broken again. The cat is lame and wants care. I have a report to write and letters. Outside, the power company breaks through the pavement with backhoes and jackhammers, and puddles of rain cover the ground.

It is, however, an unusually peaceful day. I have had time to read and to reflect. I have composed myself for a moment. Most days are busier, more violent than this. (True, my eyeglasses need repair. I need new shoes. My roof leaks. My shirts are in the laundry. My typewriter seems terminally lame, like the cat. I fear I must see the dentist. I keep a list of such demands, the petty violence of daily living. Listing my distractions does not bring me peace, but it does provide a semblance of security: The illusion that I know what my problems are.)

My private problems are insignificant, compared to those of the larger world. Several weeks ago, I attended a meeting on war. A film demonstrated how many times over my bombs could obliterate my enemy—wherever he is—before his bombs annihilated me. A priest spoke passionately for the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Proposal and against the injustice of nuclear warfare. Then a woman, dismayed by the arsenals and by the anger of the world, cried out in anguish: "What can we do? What can we do?" The question did not hang in the air for long. "We can arm ourselves," a voice replied. "The best way to avert war is to prepare for it!" The meeting ended in argument.

What can we do? Take a vacation—that is probably what most of us do when we feel a need for peace and quiet: Go south or skiing, escape the wars for a while, sign a separate peace. But to secure a more universal and enduring peace . . . what can be done? Hold meetings; prepare flyers; show films; applaud speakers; fight for peace.

That last answer attracted Thomas Merton in 1965, twenty years after the first atomic bomb broke up the desert. Merton wanted peace with a passion. But such passion, he gradually concluded, was as violent as any other. Having retreated into monastic solitude to compose his being—yet finding himself angered nonetheless by the Vietnam war, the arms race, social injustice—he observed:

> The frenzy of the activist neutralizes his work for peace. It destroys his own inner capacity for peace. It destroys the fruitfulness of his own work, because it kills the root of inner wisdom which makes work fruitful.

WE COOPERATE in violence, most of us, every day—the violence of myriad demands, concerns, and projects that fracture our lives into a thousand broken reflections. We are besieged further by junk mail, cocktail chatter, conspicuous consumption, planned obsolescence—the multiple warheads of modern living. The Pentagon has no monopoly on weapons of destruction; the longest cold war is fought in senseless chores, mindless duties, and those obligations we accept only because we are flattered to be asked. In truth, the most obdurate and insidious violence exists not in the Middle East nor in Eastern Europe; it rumbles almost unnoticed through the streets of our daily western lives. Petty violence is everywhere, more grave a threat to personal and public peace than those murderous headlines we at times almost relish for their comforting assurance that matters are worse elsewhere. Such small violence does not make the front page of the tabloids, true, but like the wondrous neutron bomb, it kills the spirit even while it leaves the body standing.

We are "distracted from distraction by distraction," wrote

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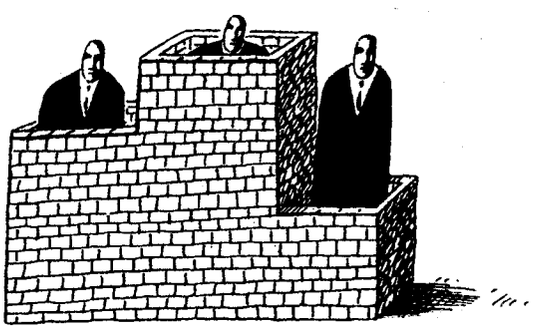
T. S. Eliot between the Great War and World War II. No news there. In 1802 William Wordsworth complained that "a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor." For Wordsworth, the problem arose from a modern "craving for extraordinary incident," titillated by incessant wars, urbanization—and newspapers. ("To a philosopher," wrote Thoreau from Walden Pond, "all *news*, as it is called, is gossip, and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea.") The commercials that affront Americans on television and radio, from billboards and in magazines, still prey on a restless craving for new excitements. They do not break bones, but they destroy our contentment with who we are. Want more, possess more, commercial "goods" incite us. Never live at peace. Never consider what you have or who you are, nor live content with what is.

In our daily conversations, too, we are increasingly violent. It is not that we directly threaten or insult one another, though that is common enough. We interrupt or ignore what others need to say. Instead of enjoying silence or building community with one another, we give and take banalities that frustrate the longing for intimacy. We make incessant trivial demands on one another's time and attention, instead of nurturing peace. The telephone rings without regard for what it interrupts. Rarely do we speak to one another gently, compassionately, with deep attention. More often, we bump and grind our way through a series of impersonal encounters, without rest, without satisfaction.

Nor does the practice of religion necessarily bring peace. Much religious conduct is itself violent: assaults on vice rather than an aid to virtue. Condemnations, indictments; not blessings. "Pontiffs! Pontiffs!" wrote Merton. "We are all pontiffs haranguing one another, brandishing our croziers at one another, dogmatizing, threatening anathemas!" Even prayer is often an assault on God's ear.

Family life is equally harried. There is little room left where tires do not whine and the washing machine does not knock and it is possible to hear birdsong. The tension of the child's day—piano lessons, art classes, after-school gym, clubs, and parties—mirrors the fury of the parents' day. Some narcotic is needed to escape the bludgeoning flow of inane events. Television puts a buzz on the savage breast, allowing us to center down into comatose spectatorship. As does alcohol. But there is no equanimity in this. When we seek peace more actively, we set schedules or establish lists. We take vacations that, like Chinese food, leave us hungry an hour after we return. We set our house in order by doing, literally, just that: a little light housekeeping. What is to be done? We strain to force peace by securing everything about us, asserting our sovereign will over all the world.



"How vigilant we are!" wrote Thoreau, reflecting on the violence of everyday living in Concord, 1845, "determined not to live by faith if we can avoid it; all the day long on the alert, at night we unwillingly say our prayers and commit ourselves to uncertainties." A sovereign will has much to do with violence, whether it is the will of individuals or of nations, for the need for sovereign "security" crowds out both faith and peace. In *The Fate of the Earth*, Jonathan Schell observed that a sovereign nation is, by definition, a state that enjoys the power to go to war in defense of its own interests. Nuclear nations, willing to accelerate an arms race that threatens extinction, value national sovereignty above human survival; "while they would naturally prefer to have both, they are ultimately prepared to bring an end to mankind in their attempt to protect their own countries."

IT IS WITH individuals as with nations: Sovereignty is a higher value than peace—a safer and less vulnerable value. If once we can assert a bit more control over our lives—another dollar, another deadbolt—we can afford, we promise ourselves, to relax in peace. Sovereignty is power. Power brings peace—the peace, at least, of a place for everything and everything in its place. Rather than yield our rational sovereignty and contemplate the mystery of life, deepening our reverence for its complexity, we demand that life answer to our name for it. Yet that name, we hear deep in our software, will not compute: it is a lie.

Thomas Merton, following Gandhi, maintained that it is lying that is the mother of violence:

> The lie brings violence and disorder into our nature itself. It divides us against ourselves, alienates us from ourselves, makes us enemies of ourselves, and of the truth that is in us. From this division hatred and violence arise. We hate others because we cannot stand the disorder, the intolerable division in ourselves.

The peaceful are the honest, the meek, the patient—all those who cultivate those paradoxically demeaning beatitudes that seem so at odds with sovereign happiness. The non-violent relinquish the sovereign desire for absolute order and control. They allow their lives to form themselves slowly and naturally, based on attentive observation of what is rather than on a willful notion of what must be.

Violence is a habit. We learn it by neglect, as we do all bad habits. Peace, too, is a habit, learned by paying attention—to ourselves, first, and to others—and by practicing tolerance, patience, faith. Peace requires particularly a leap of faith—a willingness to give up the sort of control that demands a place for everything and locks everything in its place. "If a man has faith," concluded Thoreau, "he will cooperate with equal faith like the rest of the world, whatever company he is joined to."

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Peace also requires that we recognize our own violent habits. We expose ourselves too recklessly to the violence of everyday living, like someone who wears gold chains on the platform of a New York City subway. We meet violence too casually, defying it to destroy us. Which it will, eventually. We need to shelter ourselves more if we are not to be terminally dulled by the state of siege around us. Peace requires that we be less afraid, and for that, it is necessary that we retreat from the front lines of modern living.

Talks, rallies, international agreements are not enough to secure peace. Only to organize a crusade for peace and justice is still to remain too self-reliant, still too sovereign over our destiny. Such crusades still presume that five-star generals and ministers of state are primarily responsible for the fate of the earth when, in truth, how well we live, and how long, depends too on the peace we each attain in our daily living.

Today is less violent than most. I retreat for a moment from petty assaults on time and attention and resolve to take on less business. I relax my grip on life and, in turn, it slackens its stranglehold on me. To the casual eye, violence exists wherever order is relaxed, whenever discipline is slack. We assume, therefore, that disorder is the cause of violence when, in fact, it is a consequence. Today, violence is more often caused by too much order than by too little—by an excessive desire, personal or social, to control life, to make it wear our armored law. But when one such a system of law is written, what we identify as peace is more a militant sense of security, a guarded vigilance that allows no inner rest. We win a more genuine peace by relaxing, not tightening, our grasp on life; by allowing the possibility of a greater wisdom than our own; and, in the phrase of the French essayist Montaigne, by "husbanding our will."

In 1571 Montaigne retired into his study at the age of 38, after twenty years' work as counselor-at-law. He did so, he explained, because he had decided that "To compose our character is our duty, not to compose books, and to win, not battles and provinces, but order and tranquillity in our conduct." Too many men, he observed, "let themselves be seized and carried away: they do so everywhere, in little things as in big, in what does not touch them as in what does; they push in indiscriminately wherever there is business and involvement, and are without life when they are without tumultuous agitation."

Ten years later, Montaigne was elected Mayor of Bordeaux, while he was away in Rome. He declined the position at first, but then agreed to serve only when so ordered by his king. In accepting the job, however, he rejected all of the strife that went with the office. He explained how he did this:

> If people have sometimes pushed me into the management of other men's affairs, I have promised to take them in hand, not in lungs and liver; to take them on my shoulders, not incorporate them into me; to be concerned over them, yes; to be impassioned over them, never.

And a little later he concluded, "We never conduct well the thing that possesses and conducts us . . ."

For our part, too, we are possessed by affairs we claim to conduct, by business we claim to control. We talk when we should listen; we pray aloud when we should contemplate in silence. We denounce war publicly yet remain violent in our private daily lives. There is not peace in this nor, in truth, is there any security. To survive, it is not enough to sign a treaty among nations, however welcome that would be. We must call, too, for a personal peace and disengage ourselves from the violence of everyday living.

CHRONICLE OF LIFE & DEATH—I

'Nobody wants an abortion'

MARY BETH GORDON

STATISTICIANS consider my friend, Maureen, a typical candidate for abortion. She is between 18 and 29 years old and was recently confronted with an unwanted pregnancy. This information, however, is indifferent, almost casual. Maureen's decision to abort was not.

We drive to the hospital on the tar-speckled pavement past gray, dusty storefronts pushed close to the sidewalk. I make conversation by asking Maureen to watch for the hospital sign. She assents without comment, dull eyes scanning the wrong side of the road. I finally see it myself—dark blue with gold block lettering and a white arrow pointing left. I follow the gravel drive to a squat, brown brick building.

Maureen sits motionless in the car. Her clutched hands protect her small stomach. I make a ritual of pulling the keys from the ignition and carefully placing them in the correct compartment of my purse.

"We're late," I say.

"I'm ready," she says.

It is her will that carries her rigid body to the hospital

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reception desk. A black woman in a pale pink lab coat questions us from behind a chipped metal desk. "Abortion?" she asks too loudly. Maureen nods and the woman directs us to a second floor clinic. "You must have cash," she cautions Maureen.

The light yellow and green concrete walls remind me more of a school than a hospital. Pipes hang unconcealed overhead and a stooped-shouldered janitor slowly mops the green linoleum floor. I wonder if he thinks I'm the one here for an abortion. I fantasize telling him that I came to support my friend. He spits in the bucket as we pass. I light my first cigarette of the day.

Maureen hands $300 to the woman in a starched white uniform who guards the clinic door. "You will have to pay an additional $100 if you are more than three-months pregnant," she says.

I stare at the bulge pushing through the top two buttons of Maureen's skirt. I think this lady will collect the extra fee.

We sit at the end of a long row of metal folding chairs with at least twenty-five other mostly silent women. Each of us cross and recross our legs and arms and gaze intently at selected spots on the wall. Whenever the nurse enters the room to summon a patient, everyone rises with relief and moves ahead to the next chair.

A nurse calls Maureen's name. I follow my friend into a tiny, airless room. We sit at a card table.

"Sign this," instructs a nurse as she shoves a legal-sized piece of paper in front of Maureen.

"What's your name?" she asks me.

"I'm with her," I say. The nurse squints her eyes in a scowl but says nothing.

Sign this," she again commands Maureen. "It gives the doctor permission to use whatever surgical procedure he decides is necessary. You can't get an abortion without it."

Maureen signs the document.

I know that Maureen doesn't want an abortion. Every day she suggests a new plan to ward off this inevitable moment. Last week she was going to Oregon where the welfare payments are high and the air clean. Someone even gave her a going-away party—smiling friends patting her hands as they whispered abortion among themselves. But Maureen never went to Oregon or any place. She didn't want to be alone.

Steve, Maureen's husband, departed before the pregnancy was known. "I would tell him," Maureen said many times, "but he's living with another woman."

Maureen is not speaking today. Her normally glib tongue lies flaccid in her mouth. I want to comfort her but I don't know what to say. The minute hand is glued to a number on the clock on the wall.

A young woman in white leads us down another hallway. It seems we have spent the whole morning pressed between close walls. At one end of the hall, a group of comatose women recline on tables or slump in chairs.

"These women are responding normally to medication," our guide addresses Maureen. "You'll be able to rest here comfortably after the procedure."

Maureen does not comment. I understand her silence. She is here at the urging of friends who have convinced her that there is no other choice. No job, no money, no man—what else can she do?

Maureen is summoned to another room for more paper signing. I wait, chairless, in the hall. A frightened teenager passes me and whimpers into a seersucker hospital gown wadded in her hands. "I want to see my mother," she tells the nurse who pushes her brusquely down the hall.

Through the glass commissary window near my post I watch the girl's mother drink coffee. She and her daughter have waited with us in other lines. The mother kept saying to anyone who would listen, "I don't believe in abortion but my daughter is only fifteen, so what can I do?"

"I want my mother!" The girl has stopped walking and stands, squarely facing her escort. The nurse impatiently squeezes the girl's arm and leads her captive around a corner to an unknown destination.

I do not mention the incident when Maureen returns. She is already squeamish, and I know that the least negative comment might send her running to the car. Maureen sits in the teenager's empty chair.

"I had a tornado dream last night," she says after sitting quietly for a while.

Maureen often dreams of tornadoes when she's unhappy.

The hands on the clock quietly approach noon. More drowsy women in hospital gowns pass us as they wander toward the rest area. I have seen them in other hallways. Maureen offers her chair to a pale, expressionless woman who forgets to smile.

Another female employee stands before us. She hands Maureen a folded bundle and tells her to dress quickly. "Meet me in room 204 in five minutes," she says. "Leave your personal belongings with your friend."

Maureen gives me her purse. She shows me the folded hundred dollar bill hidden in the torn lining of her billfold. "Just in case," she whispers. I look at the thick, black curls framing her eyes and wonder if it will hurt very much. Hugging her, I assure Maureen that I will be there when it is done.

I am examining scuff marks on the tile floor when the teenager's mother emerges from the coffeeshop. I am relieved to see a familiar face. She offers me a cigarette. I take it, grateful for the activity.

"I don't think anyone ever really wants an abortion," she confides. "Sometimes, there just isn't any other reasonable choice."

I eat lunch and smoke another pack of cigarettes before Maureen reappears. Her slumped shoulders and glazed eyes dissolve my buoyant smile.

Maureen takes her purse from my hands. "Let's go," she says.

We retrace our steps down the corridor.

* * *

In 1982, an estimated two million American women entered clinics and hospitals for abortions. Not many left happy.

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Bess Magruder's baby

LINDA BENSON

ANSWERING THE PHONE is the worst part of the day at Social Services, and the ringing is constant. A ten-year-old girl, who lives in an isolated rural area, is pregnant and needs counseling. Yes, someone will come out to talk to her. A woman decides she is "not motherhood material," and wants to release her institutionalized eight-year-old daughter for adoption. Yes, someone will be out to discuss the plan.

Still, the worst calls come from the area hospitals. A baby has been born with multiple, often deadly, deformities. Frequently, on these joyless occasions, parents simply refuse to assume responsibility for their child. After various legal machinations, the baby becomes a ward of the Agency. Due to the severity of their problems, such babies generally die quickly. In hospital nurseries, they seem forgotten in sad corners. After all, the issue says, why prolong the life of a child who is in pain, and guaranteed a life of uncertain quality? When Agency wards die, they are buried in a type of potter's field, in a coffin that is a cross between the famous pine box, and the cardboard shoeboxes in which the family pets are buried. For mourners, there might be a social worker to witness, and to do the eternal paperwork.

So the ringing phone is the hospital, announcing the birth of one of these abandoned children. This baby, Baby Cassie Ro for the records, is different. She is a beautiful, nut-brown infant with button-black eyes and tiny black curls. Except that internally, she is horribly malformed, and she will not live a year. Normally, a child like Cassie would be cared for in an institution. Foster parents, who adore caring for infants, are reluctant to take the time or risk involved in caring for a terminally ill child. This time, though, there is a foster home.

A single-parent foster mother, Bess Magruder, will care for Cassie. Bess Magruder has no children of her own, though she has many children in her life: a teenage boy with limited IQ, a blind three-year-old, a behavior-problem ten-year-old, and a multitude of former foster children who visit often. An Earth Mother, Bess is all warmth and breasts, and her table is invariably loaded with homebaked breads and pies, and fresh vegetables from her garden. She is delighted, even if briefly, to have a baby of her own.

At first, Cassie thrives. Then the inevitable problems begin. Several times, the rescue squad is called to start Cassie's breathing again. Bess becomes proficient at artificial respiration, breathing her own strong life into this tiny brown baby. Finally, Cassie needs hospitalization and is sent to an out-of-town hospital specializing in the treatment of children with problems like hers. However, when Cassie's social worker visits her at the hospital, she finds her covered with bedsores and occupying the ominous corner of the hospital nursery where terminally ill babies seem to be stationed. A decision is made that Cassie will return to live with Bess, in a family, until whatever time she has is through.

We worry about what will happen to Bess when Cassie dies. Lessons in detachment and cool professionalism do not mean much to Bess. Perhaps in earlier times, like the Middle Ages, when the death of infants was so routine it lost its impact, acceptance of death was simpler. Though Bess has come to think of Cassie as her own and is keeping a twenty-four hour vigil to keep Cassie breathing, an iron will is not enough to sustain life. One spring day, Cassie stops breathing for the last time. Young life often protests the unnaturalness of death, but Cassie has spent her energy in an invisible internal battle, and she slips away peacefully.

Bess is a powerful lady, and she keeps together well, concentrating on facts. Her child will not be buried in a pauper's grave, or in a plywood box. Foster parents are rarely wealthy people, perhaps because wealthy people can afford to purchase perfection, while poorer folks learn to see the beauty in what others might regard as flawed. With her own money, Bess will purchase a tiny pink casket for her baby, and burial clothes. She will arrange an obituary, and people to mourn the passing of a life, and there will be the many flowers that should be present when a child dies, including the blue violets from Cassie's social worker. In the face of Bess's determined dignity, the Agency shows a human dimension and finds funds to relieve Bess of the financial burden for a proper burial.

Some of us live whole lifetimes without accomplishing what Cassie did with very little time. She turned an impersonal machine of an Agency into individual, weeping faces at a funeral. She was a childless woman's longed-for child, when more perfect babies always went to homes with no room for a

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less-than-perfect child. Sometimes, the responsibilities of our job involved visiting institutions where children who did not share Cassie's early death, with serious mental and physical handicaps, would live out their entire lives. Looking at rows of children born without any limbs, without noses or ears, with only a brainstem to sustain involuntary breathing, doubting the existence of God, or any kind of meaning in the universe, was easy. Or perhaps, children like Cassie provide the opportunity to test how much humanity we carry within us.

Of course, we thanked Bess Magruder for what she had given to Cassie, and to us by her example. Still, the thanking was hard, because Bess Magruder didn't know that she had done any giving: she thought she had received. Anyway, the phone was ringing again.

JAPAN'S ISOLATIONISM & NEUTRALISM

End of the merchant era

CHIKAU YAMATANI

FROM THE WAR of Independence until its participation in World War I, the U.S. could remain an isolationist country, staying disengaged from the power politics games played by the European nations. The reason that it could remain aloof from power politics games was not so much as a result of its political moralism and idealism as of the effectiveness of the dominant British Royal Navy. During the Pax Britannica era, it was in the national interest of the British Empire to keep the U.S. neutral and isolationist. Had there been an anti-British alliance of the U.S. with France, Germany, Russia, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and/or other big powers, it would have been clearly detrimental to British national interests.

This isolation from international power politics was comfortable and profitable for the Americans. The British fleet guaranteed the safe passage of American merchant ships in high seas, and many Americans who were unaware of this protection felt themselves morally superior to the Europeans who were forced to play what were, in their eyes, unpalatable, amoral power games.

Interestingly enough, the same sort of thing has happened to the postwar Japanese. Immediately after World War II, America had fifty percent of the world's total foreign reserves, represented fifty percent of the world's total military expenditure, and produced sixty-five percent of the world's total GNP. America also had a monopoly on nuclear weapons. The Pax Americana era was born. Under it, the U.S. government and the American forces which occupied and governed Japan enforced Japan's total disarmament and the thorough pacifist indoctrination of the Japanese people by education and strict media censorship.

Since the U.S. wanted to keep Japan unarmed and in the American sphere of influence, it offered military protection for Japan's territory and for Japan's commercial activities in the global free market. Knowledgeable Japanese who were perceptive of international politics understood the reality of American protection, but many Japanese gradually forgot this fact and naively felt that they were morally superior to the U.S. which in their view fought two "imperialist wars" on the Asian continent.

Thus the British Empire and its fleet made it possible for the U.S. to be isolationist, and the adoption of the American globalist-interventionist posture (the willingness to play the role of the world's policeman at every corner of the earth in order to prevent the spread of left-wing totalitarianism) has made it possible for Japan to enjoy her quasi-isolationism. But the Pax Americana is not the sole cause of Japan's isolationism.

Japan's geographic situation historically enabled her to remain disengaged from *real politik* machinations. Japan is an island country. Unlike other Asian and European countries, Japan has experienced neither invasion of foreign ground forces nor the merciless repression of a foreign government. Long ago, in 1274 and again in 1281, Mongolian forces tried to invade Japan, but failed. Although the Mongols were formidable horsemen, they were wretched sailors who could not negotiate the rough waves of the East China Sea. American forces occupied Japan after the Pacific War, but this would not have happened if Japan had not attacked the U.S. first. From the beginning of her history — around the third century — until the 1850s, Japan had had no need to construct her own foreign policy and defense policy. Among the Japanese, generally speaking, fear of foreign military invasion and the tension caused by international power games have been low. A typical Japanese tends to think that if Japan does not threaten foreign countries, no country will cause great harm to Japan.

So the Pax Americana and Japan's geographical situation helped to engender Japan's isolationism. But there is another contributing factor: Japan's cultural/anthropological idiosyncrasy which consists of three elements.

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THERE IS, first of all, the lack of conceptualization about international relations. By that I mean a lack of methodical orderly thinking, the understanding of a situation through the use of concepts, categories, frameworks, and structures. Henry Kissinger writes in his memoirs: "The Japanese are not as conceptually adept as, say, the Chinese, or as articulate as most Europeans." Because of their long, well-nigh isolated history, the Japanese have not been required to conceptualize the international situation by themselves.

World society always has been very heterogeneous, with many races, many tribes, many languages, religions and cultures. Isolated Japanese society has been uniquely, singularly homogeneous. Most Japanese possess similar value systems, similar aspirations, similar sensibilities, and similar social norms. In this singularly homogeneous situation, the necessity of conceptualization — classification, categorization, structuralization, and systematization — concerning human behavior and the interaction of various social entities has not been pronounced. Under heterogeneous circumstances, on the contrary, the necessity of conceptualization is great. Without adequate conceptualizations about other peoples', other groups', other nations', values, methods, ways of reasoning, inclinations, and historical records, one cannot make effective strategic judgments and decisions.

Even though both are Orientals, the Chinese are radically different from the Japanese. Since they have been surrounded by more than ten different races, and by different tribes, some of them very powerful and belligerent, the Chinese have been very keen about conceptualizations and strategic choices. More than two thousand years ago, they already had several theoretical schools of international relations.

The Chinese are not very competent in economic management, while in diplomacy they can show consummate virtuosity. The Japanese are exactly opposite. They are quite adept in economic management, but their grasp of world politics has been, sometimes, very simplistic.

Secondly, there is the Japanese lack of training in debate and self-expression. From childhood, the Japanese are not encouraged — sometimes bluntly discouraged — to debate and to express themselves. Until the Meiji Restoration of 1868, it was forbidden by law for three or more of the common people — farmers, artisans, merchants — to come together and discuss public affairs. And until the end of the Pacific war, freedom of opinion and freedom of expression had been severely restricted both in public and private life.

Now, there is no legal restriction of expression except for some "explicit" photos and films. But despite the total legality of freedom of opinion, many Japanese still regard those who love debate and self-expression as churlish, obtrusive upstarts, or intractable outsiders. The Japanese prefer to convey their intentions and emotions calmly, implicitly, using as few words as possible. Mr. Kissinger remarked: "The typical Japanese leader is impelled by his culture to avoid explicitness in dealing with foreign counterparts. This creates an almost impenetrable cultural barrier in diplomacy. At international conferences, the chief Japanese delegate rarely speaks."

The third factor about Japan which must be taken into account is this: There has long been a great deal of awkwardness and psychological insecurity among the Japanese about the nature of their position in international organizations, international conferences, and in various international cultural/political relations.

Japan had been the only non-white country which was not colonized or semi-colonized by the white countries before World War II. Japanese leaders were very conscious of this fact. During the 1919 Paris Peace Conference Japan was one of the five big powers which would determine the new order and arrangement of the postwar world, the other four being the U.S., Britain, France, and Italy. The Japanese delegation made a proposal to enunciate a "Declaration of the Equality of Races" as a resolution of the conference. The idealist Mr. Wilson curtly snubbed this "radical" idea as preposterous. The other three powers similarly paid no attention. The Japanese delegation withdrew into silence with quiet anger and bitterness.

Even now, Japan is still the only non-white nation to attend the annual summit conferences and finance ministers' meetings of the Western industrial countries. In the exclusive international power club, Japan has been not only a *nouveau riche* but also the sole non-white, non-Western nation. This unique position has created a difficult superiority-inferiority complex for the Japanese. They feel very proud of their rapid development since the Meiji restoration, of the miraculous resurrection of Japan from the total destruction incurred by the Pacific war, and of Japan's current economic competitiveness. The Japanese are also proud of their diligence, discipline, and intelligence (according to research done by American scholars, the average I.Q. of Japanese teenagers is eleven points higher than that of American teenagers). But the Japanese are not always content with their restless industrial life, the noisy, shallow commercial civilization, the lack of real innovativeness, and the lack of individualism. Some Japanese have an inferiority complex about Japan, because it cannot convey distinctly original messages of any consequence to foreign countries.

Japan, the imitative over-achiever, the "honorary white" country, feels uneasy both in white assemblies and non-white gatherings. There is always some tincture of embarrassment, diffidence, and phonyness in Japan's attitude toward "our Western partners" and "our Asian brothers." Consequently, Japan's self-definition of her role in international politics has been ambiguous, insecure, and unconvincing.

These three cultural anthropological elements — the lack of conceptualization about international relations, the reluctance to self-expression and debate, awkwardness about Japan's international position — have created a passive isolationist mentality among many Japanese despite Japan's positive, adoptive, pragmatic competitiveness. Professor Junichi Kyogoku, who teaches political science at the University of Tokyo, commented about this adoptive-isolationist mentality: "There does not exist in Japan a real feeling that the Japanese contribute to the civilization of others. . . . The world has been

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a 'given' surrounding for Japan, and the world makes a real impact on Japan, but the world cannot be modified by the efforts of the Japanese."

Arnold J. Toynbee explained the interaction of various civilizations with the term "Challenge and Response." At least until now, Japan has been solely responsive and absorptive in her interactions. Except for several small challenges — Ukiyoye (Japanese printing), Zen culture, etc. — Japan has left no lasting impact on other civilizations, simply because the Japanese never intended to claim the universality of their values, principles, and methods over others from the beginning.

THE PEACE CONSTITUTION was drafted by the legal staff of General MacArthur and promulgated on May 3, 1947. Article 9 says: "The Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or the use of force as a means of settling international disputes." And it goes on: "In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea, and air forces, as well as the other war potential, will never be maintained."

Article 9 is a sweeping denial of power-politics thinking, because power politics depends to a large extent upon the use of force, the threat of force, and the explicit military buildup which can show the capacity for punishment or retaliation to potential enemies. Because of Article 9 and its comprehensive denial of any possibility of power politics, the Japanese government has been obliged to execute its foreign policy without any recourse to such methods since the defeat of World War II. Japanese politicians cannot discuss strategic problems — except severely restricted minimum level self-defense methods and resistance methods — in the Diet, because most discussions of strategic scenarios and strategic options are considered unconstitutional.

Since World War II, both the U.S. and the USSR actually used their forces — dispatched them and/or engaged in battles — more than two hundred times. For them, foreign policy without power politics methods is an unthinkable stance and an impossible option. For the Japanese, it is a constitutional mandate.

Amendment of the Peace Constitution has been, until now, impossible, because any amendment requires at least a two-thirds affirmative vote in both the upper and lower houses of the Diet. The Liberal Democratic party (the name of which does not convey anything about its feudalistic provincialism) has been unable to acquire such a special majority. All other parties are anti-amendment, virtually at any cost.

The subsequent inability to use power politics has caused, at least from the *real politik* viewpoint, some strange anomalies in Japanese foreign policy. For example, the Japanese government has not been serious about intelligence gathering and analysis. The number of officials in the Foreign Ministry is only about 3,500. The U.S. Department of State has some 13,600 foreign service personnel; British Foreign Ministry has some 10,100; France: 6,800; West Germany: 6,100; Italy: 5,200.

Considering Japan's large GNP and its extensive (and problematic) trade activity, the scale of Japan's Foreign Ministry is excessively small. Its budget is not ample, and it is the second smallest among the twelve governmental ministries of Japan. The Foreign Ministry's influence has been far weaker than that of the Finance Ministry and the Ministry of International Trade and Industry. Generally, domestic bureaucrats and politicians do not listen attentively to the advice and analysis of foreign service officials. Many consider diplomats as striped-pants, weak-kneed, pretentious party-goers. In return, diplomats deplore the myopic nationalism and insensitivity of Japanese leaders.

But the intelligence gathering and analysis of the Foreign Ministry is, if compared with that of Japan's Defense Agency, still "significant." The CIA employs some 25,000 people; BND (West Germany): 10,000; SDECE (France): 6,000; MIS (Great Britain): 5,000. Japan's intelligence organization which specializes in military information has a staff of only 600. With such a small staff, it is incapable of doing any meaningful analysis on its own.

There have been two incidents which indicated Japan's "constitutional negligence" about military information.

In 1980, Army Major General Miyanaga was arrested while passing military secrets to Russian Colonel Kozlov. Since there was no anti-espionage law, punishment for Gen. Miyanaga was equal to that for an ordinary domestic bureaucrat who revealed official secrets to, for example, a newspaper writer. Therefore, the maximum punishment for espionage or

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treason was one-year imprisonment and a fine of approximately $200.

In 1979, a former Soviet spy, Stanislav A. Levchenko (who had been a spy in Tokyo for many years), defected to the U.S. Last year, he published his memoirs. In this book, he called Japan a "Paradise for Spies," not only because Japan did not have anti-espionage law but also because Japanese people and organizations did not show enough sensitivity and circumspection concerning the importance of intelligence. This is why several Western countries have been unwilling to share important information with Japan's Foreign Ministry and Defense Agency.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ban on power-politics thinking has done more: It has encouraged, with Japan's *sui generis* isolationist mentality, Japanese exceptionalism. This exceptionalism is idealistic, somewhat futuristic, and somewhat irresponsible.

It is idealistic because it requires a thorough negation of "dirty power politics" and urges the Japanese to trust the sincerity, good will, fairness and peace-mindedness of all nations, including the Soviet Union. Professor Michio Morishima of London University, one of the most distinguished Japanese economists, and Professor Yoshikazu Sakamoto of the University of Tokyo, popular among Japanese leftists, have advised the Japanese people to adopt a totally non-violent policy even in the event of a massive Russian invasion. Many intellectuals think that the eye-for-eye, tit-for-tat mentality is a miserable denial of human dignity, and that even if all other countries indulge in this revengeful "mutual-degeneration," the Japanese should remain exceptional as the incorruptible Noah did.

Japanese exceptionalism is also somewhat futuristic because it has a tendency to engender the belief that Japan's Peace Constitution is a harbinger of the peaceful future world where each nation will abolish its national military forces and trust in a world government and world police force. The hope exists that someday we human beings will achieve such a peaceful global governing system on the earth, although uncertainty remains that we can achieve such a goal by the end of next century.

Japanese exceptionalism is more or less irresponsible. It has contributed to the aforementioned "constitutional negligence," and it is inclined to make little of the U.S.-Japan mutual security treaty.

Even though today's world structure has become economically multipolar, it is still bipolar militarily. Small, lightweight, developing countries can assert their non-alignment bravely, since they do not have much vested-interest either in the socialist world or in the capitalist world. But Japan has an extensive vested-interests network virtually all over the world. Whether Japan likes the military bipolar structure or not, it cannot remain removed from it. The disruption of the balance of power in distant areas of the world can cause grave impact upon Japan's national interests. However, this tendency to regard Japan as an exception to the military bipolar structure — neutralism — has been very strong, especially in the mass media.

In 1956, Hamilton Fish Armstrong, then the chief editor of *Foreign Affairs* wrote: "Like others caught in the Cold War, the Japanese wish they could escape into some magic heaven of calm. Arguments are beginning to be heard whether Japan might not find neutrality a possible role. Most people everywhere think of neutrality as signifying peace. . . . Japan's history of militaristic misrule, her frightful war losses and her experience with atomic bombing do give her more title to be irrationally pacifist than many others."

More than a quarter century after Mr. Armstrong's article, we can find similar aspirations for neutrality in the leading Japanese newspapers. *Asahi* is perhaps the most influential daily newspaper in Japan. Its morning edition has 7.4 million circulation, and its evening edition has 4.5 million. It is considered by many to be the most sophisticated newspaper in the country. And among the five other big daily newspapers *Asahi* has been the most vocal opponent of the pro-America stance of the Japanese government.

For example, in one recent editorial *Asahi* criticized U.S.-Japan military cooperation from the neutralist viewpoint: "Every nation should progress toward détente. . . . There is no consensus among our citizens about the role of Japan's Self-Defense Forces. This kind of military cooperation between the U.S. and Japan will make Japan a pawn being used in the American global strategy. . . . This military cooperation will provoke the Soviet leaders. It will harm the peaceful coexistence between the Soviet Union and Japan."

In October 1981, U.S. Deputy Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci asked the Japanese government to supply the U.S. defense industry with Japan's advanced technology (microelectronics, optics, and lasers). The diffident former Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki (who was nicknamed "Mr. Compromise") dodged this request because he knew such supply of the advanced technology to the U.S. would surely offend neutralist Japanese newspapers and magazines. But at the beginning of this year Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone decided to offer Japanese technology, because "It is our responsibility to contribute to our ally." This decision miffed *Asahi*. Its subsequent editorial reprimanded Mr. Nakasone, stating: "Our technology should not be used by the U.S. forces, should not be 'militarized' in the international arms production structure. It is against our Peace Constitution and peace principle."

IN THE LAST four or five years, despite the strong neutralism of a large part of the Japanese media, gradually a less utopian, more pragmatic, more pro-Western opinion has gained influence among the Japanese. Perhaps one of the most interesting cases of such a recent "conversion" is that of Mr. Naohiro Amaya, a Councilor of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, a former Director-General of the Energy and Resources Agency. Mr. Amaya is one of the best and the brightest bureaucrats of MITI, and has participated in much of the important national industrial planning of the postwar

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Japanese economy. Mr. Amaya's cherubic face, relatively small figure, and soft-speaking attitude do not betray his essence: He is an indefatigable worker, a man of sharp intelligence, and a hard-headed unselfish patriot. He is gifted not only as an industrial strategist but also as a writer.

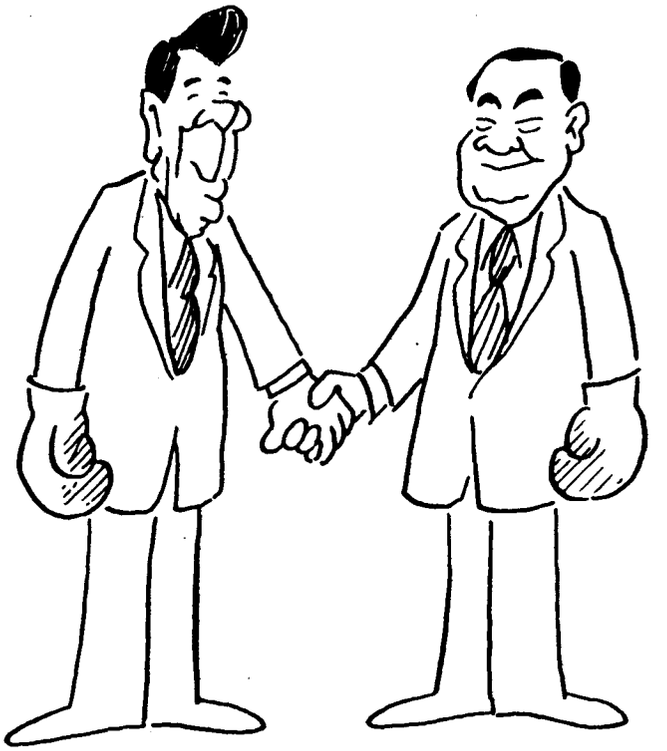
Three years ago, Mr. Amaya wrote an article called: "Japan: the Merchant Country" in the Japanese magazine *Bunshun*. In this article, he described Japan as a "merchant." In Japan, the word "merchant" has special implications. From the beginning of the seventeenth century to 1868 — the so-called "Shōgun era" of three hundred years—merchants were classified as the lowest caste in Japanese society. The highest caste was the samurai, followed by the farmer, the artisan, and the merchant class, which was the lowest. Ironically, the merchants were the richest people and despite their formal lowliness, they could wield great economic power informally. However, only the samurai could hold weapons and train themselves militarily, and political prerogatives belonged exclusively to the samurai. Thus in Japan the word "merchant" implies a rich man without any significant politico-military strength.

Mr. Amaya recognized the current situation of Japan in international relations, which is quite similar to that of the merchant during the Shōgun era. Japan is rich, Japan can wield great economic power, but politically and militarily, Japan is a dwarf. He thought that the "Merchant Country" style was the postwar Japanese way of life. Mr. Amaya did not make any value judgment about this. He did not say that that style was either desirable or undesirable. He merely described its characteristics as a given reality of postwar Japan.

Concerning Japan's politico-military powerlessness, Mr. Amaya's attitude of three years ago was a rather resigned one. He knew well the isolationist mentality of the Japanese masses, and he accepted the nation's neutralist tendency simply because Japan lacked the forces and the will to be involved in international political unrest. But he failed to recognize that such neutralism clearly looked irresponsible to the U.S. and the NATO countries. He thought that Japan could remain the apolitical "Merchant Country" for a while because of her exceptionality.

In order to survive as the "Merchant Country," he exhorted the Japanese to acquire the "Art of Self-Protection." This "Art of Self-Protection" did not mean military protection but meant alert, flexible, skillful protection of Japanese national interests. He explained the imperativeness of maintaining accurate perceptions about the world situation and the domestic politics of foreign countries for the survival of Japan's economy. And he pointed out Japan's lack of intelligence-gathering capacity and analytical ability.

Mr. Amaya's "Merchant Country" theory and "Art of Self-Protection" thesis were quite persuasive for many Japanese. They felt a great necessity to cope with the outer environment but they still held negative views about Japan's politico-military role in world society. The idea of Japan as the Merchant Country gave them a plausible rationalization of the role of their country in current international relations and



offered low-risk, low-cost self-protection guidance.

Nowadays, Mr. Amaya does not talk about the "Merchant Country" theory any more. He has learned that it is impossible for Japan to remain an apolitical "merchant." Mr. Amaya has found that even though Japan's exceptionalism/neutralism sincerely makes sense for the Japanese, it sounds like mere sophistry for foreign governments. Now, he shows no hesitation in talking as an alliancist (a person who positively supports the U.S.-Japan alliance), and he acknowledges the fact that Japan should shoulder a reasonable amount of the politico-military burden in order to maintain the peace and order of the global free-trade system.

Thus in the May 1983 edition of the magazine *Bunshun*, Mr. Amaya spoke harshly of his countrymen, saying: "Japanese politicians and people are irresponsible about the security of the Western world. They say that there must not be war on the earth, and that military expenditures are irrational. They should understand that (for foreigners) this kind of unrealistic argument looks merely egoistic." And several times he criticized the Japanese mass media, stating: "Because of the newspapers, the Japanese people have acquired a distorted image of the reality of the world." "There is a very great perception gap between the U.S. and Japan. The Japanese newspapers are incapable of recognizing and correcting this perception gap."

GENERALLY SPEAKING, the alliancists are well-educated, well-informed, pragmatic people. They are pro-alliance, but they are not necessarily pro-American civilization. Many of them prefer Japanese (and/or European) culture to Ameri-

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can culture. But the alliancists accept the reality of the military bipolar structure in the current world without wishful thinking. They accept the necessity of the U.S.-Japan security treaty without vain self-important nationalism.

The antithesis of Japan's isolationism/neutralism is not alliancism. It is nationalism, it is chauvinism, it is jingoism. Whether conscious or unconscious, the basic psychology of Japan's isolationism/neutralism is the belief that Japan is a special country. The alliancists tend to think that Japan is "one of many" — Japan is merely one member of world society, and Japan should always cooperate and compromise with other countries. The isolationists/neutralists, on the other hand, like to think that Japan is "the one and only" — Japan is and always should be special. Consequently, if a great irreversible disruption in today's world systems should occur, or if other countries should exert unbearable pressure upon Japan, those whose mentalities are close to isolationism/neutralism may convert to nationalism/chauvinism rather than to alliancism. Most of today's Japanese neutralist newspapers were stridently chauvinistic before World War II.

Those of the isolationist/neutralist mentality (and of the nationalist/chauvinist mentality, potentially) are far more numerous in Japan than those of the alliancist mentality. It is an important task of Japanese politicians and the mass media to strengthen the influence of alliancism while trying to eliminate the great perception gap between the U.S. and Japan and to dampen the self-deceptive isolationism. Unfortunately, American politicians and the U.S. mass media also have shown themselves to be one-sided or ill-informed on these matters from time to time, and this helps not at all.

Screen

FROM 'K' TO 'Z'

COSTA-GAVRAS, POLITICS, & EMOTION

IN *HANNA K.*, Costa-Gavras is out of his depth. Perhaps he shouldn't feel bad, though, since the rest of us are too. Instead of dealing with the dictatorship in Greece or the dictatorship in Chile, where there are clear-cut good guys and bad guys, he has made a film this time about the relationship between the Palestinians and the Israelis. Here nothing is clear, least of all who the villains are. Both sides have been through suffering so atrocious that they can only appeal to history for redress, and both have been made inhuman themselves by the inhumanity they have endured at the hands of others. In a series of films beginning with *Z* in 1970 and extending through *The Confession* and *State of Siege* to, most recently, *Missing*, Costa-Gavras has appealed to the liberal conscience of his audience. But to appeal to anyone's conscience, you must first have an issue that is already decided, one upon which the moral faculties can seize because reason has finished debating the issue and has made up its mind. The Israeli-Palestinian conflict is not of that sort. Indeed, it becomes less so every day.

Costa-Gavras has also departed from past practice this time by doing a purely fictitious script. His previous political films were all based on true stories. Their strength was that they did not extrapolate. The events depicted did not attempt to embrace history; they were, rather, embedded in it. In the new film, the director and his collaborator on the script, Franco Solinas, tell the story of an American woman (Jill Clayburgh) who has left her husband in France and immigrated to Israel, where she is practicing law. She has also gotten involved with an Israeli district attorney, Joshua (Gabriel Byrne), by whom she is pregnant and against whom she is defending a Palestinian named Selim (Mohamed Bakri) suspected of terrorism. Each of these men tries to make his own claim on her, as does, still, her French husband Victor (Jean Yanne). He comes to Tel Aviv to seduce her back to Paris. Joshua demands of her his rights as a father. And Selim makes himself into her ward when he is paroled from jail.

In earlier Costa-Gavras films, the characters have almost no personal lives. Their private emotions and personal relationships have been swept aside by their historical circumstances. In *Missing*, the arrested journalist's father and wife (Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek) do have a story of their own, but even that follows from and depends upon the politics of the film. He at first has a testy relationship with her because he distrusts and resents his son's idealism. Later, having undergone his own political education in Chile, he is drawn closer to her as a result. All this remains a sideline, however, a sub-plot. In *Hanna K.*, the characters' emotional lives *are* the politics. The characters are not so much human beings caught up in history as figures of historical allegory. Victor represents the detached state of mind of Europe, which comes to the Middle East in the hope of ameliorating, but really wants no part of, the conflict there. Joshua is all Israelis, Selim all Palestinians, And Hanna . . . Hanna is in a peculiar way the land itself, the territory under dispute, mother earth giving birth in the course of the film to a new generation that is illegitimate.

At one point when Joshua is giving Hanna one of his frequent lectures on Jewish history, he breaks down her own story into three stages. I forget what the first two are, but the third is "melodrama." He might as well have said soap opera, for that's what her story becomes when Costa-Gavras tries to bring his film to a conclusion, a *dénouement*. At the end she dispatches each of her men from her life more as if she were working her way through an agenda than working out her emotions. Costa-Gavras cannot resolve her story satisfactorily because the history for which it stands in its shaky fashion is not yet over, or even clear. There has in fact been an agenda in this film from the beginning, a badly hidden one that shows through the thin personalities used to veil it. In the end, the political analysis falls completely to pieces, and pulls down the flimsy veil of emotion in the process.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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Books: BUBER & THE CRISIS OF ZIONISM

A LAND OF TWO PEOPLES
MARTIN BUBER
ON JEWS AND ARABS
Edited with Commentary by Paul Mendes-Flohr
Oxford, $29.50, 319 pp.

Arthur A. Cohen

MARTIN BUBER is thought a *luftmensch*, one of that remarkable collection of European-Jewish intellectuals who could manage ideas brilliantly, but were hardly capable of efficacious morality and politics. This has never been my understanding. I always knew Buber better, but was obliged nonetheless to suffer observations about intellectuals without power and religious visionaries without a constituency. Anyone might have tested their erroneous reading of figures like Buber by trying to apply it to the scanning of the biblical prophets, but then — more than likely — they think the prophets Jewish *luftmenschen*. It is hard to persuade the obdurate and inflexible that Buber's politics — in this case his views on Jews and Arabs set forth in Mendes-Flohr's brilliant anthology, *A Land of Two Peoples*, which contains all of Buber's writings on the subject from 1918 until his death in 1965 — is never simply visionary (and hence easily dismissible by the proudly hard-headed), but tactically sound, precisely because it is morally just and compassionate.

The crisis of Zionism (and it is a crisis which deepens daily, despite the relative quiet that obtains in Lebanon and the West Bank) was anticipated long ago, not alone by Martin Buber, but by all the sponsoring figures of the classical Zionist movement whose impetus for Zion arose from considerations of the cultural, ethical, and spiritual primacy of the Jewish People. Even the religiously orthodox — where they were motivated by love of the Jewish People rather than only by love of the Land of Israel — collaborated with the Zionist dream, believing steadfastly that the renewed spirit of the People (evidenced in creative work and building in the Holy Land) would result ultimately in that tranquillity in which divine work could once again be undertaken (hence the Zionism of the late Chief Rabbi of Palestine, Rav Abraham Kook).

All these devotees of classical cultural Zionism, secular and religious, have been confuted by events. Events have made them dreamers and their dream ridiculous. And yet, precisely because their dreams are all that remains, in my view, between hope for Zionist renewal and ultimate reconciliation with the indigenous Arab populations of Israel and the West Bank occupied territories and an ideology of religious territorialism coupled with secularist manipulation of the army and the judicial and administrative practice governing the occupied lands, it is crucial that attention be paid. Mendes-Flohr did not intend his constellation of Buber's view at this time to serve political ends, but inescapably a document that bespeaks such personal urgency and moral leadership cannot help but be political in the finest sense. Or as Buber would argue, all long-range politics is inevitably shot through with moral construction; only short-term politics can be a politics of interest in which moral issues — issues of historical destiny and justice — are obscured.

What comes through all of Buber's essays, speeches, feuilletons, open letters, and private correspondence (see the particularly moving exchange with Mahatma Gandhi in 1939), each meticulously introduced and documented by Mendes-Flohr, is the overriding conviction that the Zionist idea and the Zionist praxis were rarely successfully correlated to the benefit of both the emerging Jewish majority in the Land of Israel and the increasingly factionalized, poorly led, and ideologically enfeebled indigenous Arab population. The initial dream was for co-existence and mutual enrichment of the land where both Jews and Arabs would benefit and flourish. Such admirable dreams rarely come to pass, certainly not in an atmosphere charged by the imperialist ambition of the Ottoman, French, and British empires seeking concession and privilege in the Middle East. First came the Balfour Declaration (1917), correctly suspected by Buber of having been fashioned with covert colonial intention, followed by the strengthening of the *Yishuv* (the Jewish settlement) during the late 1920s and 1930s, and the emergence of economic disequilibrium in which successful Jewish socialism coupled with right-wing Zionist militancy in the face of an emergent Arab politics of terrorism and popular harassment (itself always a politics of defeat). With each episode of event and reaction in the *Yishuv*, Buber, working by himself or in concert with various organizations and publications of protest, called for moderation, humanity, toleration, and justice, documenting patiently the evil consequences of a mounting practice of non-negotiating intransigence.

By many Buber was thought a traitor to Zionism; to some, like historian Hans Kohn, who quit the Palestine experiment because he found Zionism bent upon suborning his own ideals of pacifism and bi-national justice, Buber was too political and accommodating. It is not that the truth is somewhere in between. The truth *is* always between, upon Buber's "narrow ridge" where the moral hero and the political failure always travel. Buber failed; Ben-Gurion triumphed. Martin Buber could not have produced or led the State of Israel. Only a Ben-Gurion arguing against Buber for an absolute majority of Jews in Palestine and an enabling policy of unrestricted immigration could have accomplished the founding of a state. And, of course, the Nazi destruction of a third of the Jewish People created that kind of guilt-laden pressure which the Jews of the Exile and the more politically opportunistic Jews of the

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Yishuv were able to turn to the advantage of a politics of statehood.

Throughout Buber's writings on Jews and Arabs in the Land, one always hears the deliberative wisdom of a leader who commands a great voice, but a small constituency. It should not be held against Buber's greatness that his constituency was small nor against conventional Zionism that its politics of the efficacious and expedient carried the day. The fact that Buber, Ahad Haam, Jehudah Magnes, Henrietta Szold, and many others among the great moral leaders of modern Zionism failed to persuade the Jews and the Israelis to cultivate justice and move slowly, to educate and convert their neighbors, to demonstrate the ethos of collective collaboration and mutual self-help, rather than capitulating to the provocations of both Jewish and Arab extremists, is not proof either of their inadequacy or (as is commonplace among sentimental Christian anti-Zionists) that "good Jews" lost out to vindictiveness. Buber's love and clarity demonstrate that both positions are wrong, not simply wrong-headed, but morally wrong. The issue may make one weep — both the majesty of the Zionist undertaking and the catastrophic triumphalism to which its success has led. At such junctures Buber would warn that our despair issues from our ejection of the divine voice from the political process.It is not common for politicians— Jews or Christians — to listen and attend the voice of God. Too many epistemological difficulties, too many realms for confusion, too many possibilities for mystification. Granted, Buber would admit, but insist nonetheless that the divine voice is as audible in the politics of the long-range as it is available now and in every instant. The business of discriminating true voice and true hearing from their falsification hangs upon the moral trajectory of history and historical events. Buber lets nobody off the hook, certainly not Jews. Indeed, Buber argues continuously that Jews know precisely what is demanded of them by God and to void that knowledge is equivalent to a fundamental denial of God and Jewish destiny. What is called for then is that Jews and Muslims stop and attend. If politics in the Middle East continues on both sides to be conducted as a politics of moral intransigence and cloture alongside deepening religious fanaticism, it is all lost and the Middle East is fated to remain the battleground of nations, now and forever, time without end. But if, on the other hand, a stasis can be reached in which it becomes possible for Jews and Arabs to take counsel together, it may well be possible — *still* possible — to inaugurate that progression from disengagement to complementarity, to mutuality and economic coexistence, to an ultimate commingling of peoples where each person stands beside a neighbor rather than against him. The dream is no longer the great dream that Buber had in the early days, but it will perhaps avert the deadly round of bitterness and misery that has settled over the peoples of smaller and "greater" Israel.

It is told that the Hebrew scholar and philosopher, Simon Rawidowicz, never completed the address of Israel-bound letters other than with the formula: *Medinat Yisrael*. Not Israel alone, but only State of Israel. His point was that there should be no confusion between the People and the land. Israel is a State inhabited by Jews and Arabs and cannot be consecrated and made idolatrous by the assumption that nationality and land are one. Only people count. It was to this principle that the Zionist politics of Martin Buber was dedicated.

For richer for poorer

BANKING ON THE POOR
THE WORLD BANK
AND WORLD POVERTY
Robert L. Ayres
MIT Press, $17.50, 282 pp.

Sheldon Gellar

LONG a target of critics on the left for supporting reactionary regimes, the World Bank during the late 1970s came under fire from critics on the right who charged that the Bank was supporting socialist schemes and financing massive welfare programs in the third world. Assaults on the World Bank and multilateral foreign aid in general intensified when the Reagan administration came to power in 1981.

Banking on the Poor is a dispassionate centrist defense of the World Bank as a reformist institution committed to reducing world poverty. It presents the World Bank as a very cautious lending institution until Robert S. McNamara resigned as Secretary of Defense and became the Bank's president in 1968. During McNamara's tenure (1968-1981), the Bank expanded its lending commitments from less than $1 billion in fiscal 1968 to over $12 billion in fiscal 1981 and became the "world's largest antipoverty agency."

Ayres, a political scientist, former Brookings Institution scholar, and senior fellow at the Overseas Development Council (ODC), provides a respectful inside view of the operations of the World Bank. The author conducted approximately 300 interviews with Bank staff and officials and was given access to many internal and confidential documents. The book often reads like a World Bank report with its references to "project software," "enhanced export performance," and "autonomous project implementing units."

Ayres sees the reforms initiated by McNamara during the 1970s as analogous to those undertaken by Roosevelt during the Great Depression to save the capitalist system in the United States. He maintains that the World Bank's primary objective is "modernizing the international economy in its capitalist variant for the sake of its long-term preservation." The new orientation of the Bank announced by McNamara during a now famous presidential address delivered in Nairobi in 1973 was largely a response to the failure of the trickle-down development strategies of the 1950s and 1960s to reduce poverty in the Third World. Under McNamara, the World Bank began to champion "redistribution with growth" (RWG) development strategies which aimed at improving conditions for the bottom forty percent of the third world populations living in absolute pov-

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erty. The RWG proponents in the Bank argued that poverty-oriented projects could promote economic growth and more equitable distribution by increasing the productivity, incomes, and output of the poor. More resources were mobilized and redirected towards the rural areas. The rural poor and the small farmer became the main foci of rural development projects. The urban poor received considerable attention through projects to generate employment and improve housing and health conditions in the slums. McNamara also increased the amount of funds channeled through the International Development Association (IDA) to the poorest countries in the form of long-term interest-free loans. At the same time, McNamara called upon the developed countries to step up its aid to the Third World, lower tariff barriers restricting trade, and participate in a North-South dialogue.

While defending its record as a development agency, Ayres does not shy away from revealing the Bank's many weaknesses. On the contrary, he provides a wealth of evidence which points to the great gap between the Bank's antipoverty rhetoric and its actual accomplishments in improving the lot of the poor. McNamara's obsession for quantification led to an excessive emphasis on the importance of "moving money" into projects as rapidly as possible. Thus, it was not surprising that bank officials preferred to promote large-scale development projects over smaller scale projects despite the fact that the larger projects often provided few direct benefits for the poor. Projects located in the more underdeveloped regions of third world nations were generally assumed to benefit the poor living in those regions. In fact, Bank-sponsored rural development projects were often defined as those in which at least fifty percent of the benefits went to the poor. Yet the Bank provided little analysis to demonstrate that its rural development projects had more than marginal effects in reducing rural poverty.

Bank project designs were often flawed by lack of knowledge of local conditions. How could it be otherwise, with ninety percent of the Bank's staff working out of Washington and decision-making highly centralized in the Bank's top management? Not all Bank officials shared McNamara's passionate commitment to alleviating world poverty. Neoliberal economists dominated the Washington-based staff and tended to be primarily concerned with more traditional macro-economic issues like creditworthiness, export performance, and internal rates of return on development project investments.

Banking on the Poor provides much grist for the mill of critics on the left who dismiss the Bank's efforts to alleviate world poverty as little more than tokenism. Yet Ayres does not take radical critiques very seriously. He chides them for vastly oversimplifying political realities and rejects their calls for socialist revolutions as undesirable and unlikely to produce positive results. His book is obviously more concerned with defending the World Bank from attacks from the right. To alleviate the fears of the American business community, he insists that the World Bank is a sober financial institution promoting sound economic policies and capitalist development in the third world. Although the Bank has adopted a more conservative stance under the leadership of A.W. Clausen, a commercial banker and ex-head of the Bank of America, Ayres does not foresee any major shifts in the Bank's basic agenda. However, like many liberals, he is worried that the Reagan administration's desire to reduce the country's contributions to multilateral aid institutions and enthusiastic promotion of private sector investments will adversely affect the World Bank's antipoverty programs. At any rate, it seems highly unlikely that the World Bank will exercise as much influence as a reformist institution as it did during the McNamara era. Given the mounting indebtedness of the Third World, the World Bank's alter ego, the International Monetary Fund (IMF), is more likely to have its way. And that usually means that the poor will bear most of the burden of IMF-imposed third world austerity programs.

Oral surgery

THE ORAL AND THE WRITTEN GOSPEL
Werner H. Kelber
Fortress, $22.95, 254 pp.

Raymond E. Brown

MY BASIC reaction to this book is "good news — bad news"; for in some ways it is very helpful; in others it is disastrously wrongheaded.

The good news is the massive stress on the "orality" of the early Christian movement, with a close study of how features associated with oral communication shaped the message before it underwent "textuality" (jargon for being written down). This stress involves a strong critique of Rudolph Bultmann's neglect of Jesus's ministry, and of Birger Gerhardsson's opposing attempt to posit a Christian oral tradition similar to a rabbinic, school process or memorization. This critique may not seem novel to informed Roman Catholic readers since many of us never accepted Bultmann's skepticism nor Gerhardsson's rigid approach to the preservation of the Jesus tradition. Helpfully digesting some important studies on the dynamism of "orality" (including those of Walter Ong who wrote the Foreword), Kelber wisely emphasizes the social context inherent in oral communication where speakers addressed audiences — a context that may help us to reconstruct early Christian history. Again some of this may not be a surprise to those who have read the Roman Pontifical Biblical Commission on the second stage of Gospel formation (between Jesus and the evangelist) which consists of preaching adapted to the needs of the listeners. Kelber, however, would increase the number of transmitters from official preachers to a whole range of Christians. Kelber also insists that textuality runs against many of the innate tendencies of orality, so that the written gospel had a direction different from and even corrective of the oral transmission. It is surely true that writing narrows the more fluid options of speech; but I believe Kelber presses this too

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dialectically. He underestimates the accountability of the written gospel read to its first, intended audience.

Even in the part of the book for which I am enthusiastic, I find serious faults. For instance, in describing oral gospel transmission Kelber posits a rural context, wandering prophets, free creation of Jesus sayings, and a lack of stress or the death of Jesus: in short, elements that would contrast with the written, canonical gospels known to us. Almost all these points are open to serious challenge. "The movement of the historical Jesus was largely a rural phenomenon." True enough if he means Jesus moved about in the countryside of Galilee (but also in major towns; indeed, in Jerusalem, if one attributes any history to John, a gospel that Kelber ignores). Yet in the first century we have little evidence of many Christian converts in non-urban settings. It is quite debatable that prophets created sayings of Jesus (as posited by Käsemann, Thiessen, and Boring) and that no differentiation was made between Jesus speaking in the ministry with his own voice and the risen Jesus speaking through such prophets. Unfortunately, throughout Kelber fails to alert readers of the dubious character of major hypotheses. David Hill has strongly challenged the prophet hypothesis, but his work is not cited. Kelber argues that if Jesus spoke a saying more than once, the concept of the original form of the saying (the *ipsissima vox)* has no validity. But what if he spoke it only once (Kelber tends to forget the other side of some "if" sentences), why does the search for the original words that he spoke become meaningless? Kelber stresses that Q (a collection of sayings common to Matthew and Luke but absent from Mark) does not speak of Jesus's death; and so Kelber assumes that a sayings collection "precluded reflection on his death." Assumptions about negative Q theology are often dubious because we do not know whether Q represented a complete theology or was meant only as a supplement to an existing tradition. Again, Helmut Koester's very controversial assumptions about the antiquity of apocryphal gospels is given facile consent without serious debate.

The real "bad news," however, is the employment of orality and textuality observations to back Kelber's long-disputed approach to Mark. We are told that Mark polemicized against the disciples of Jesus, but there is no acknowledgement of the painstaking refutation of that thesis by Ernest Best. Kelber argues that an important motif in the Marcan Passion Narrative is the "death" of the disciples — there is no future for them after their infidelity in the crucifixion of Jesus. However, not discussed is Mark 16:7 which for many of us disproves such pessimism.

A really incredible suggestion is that in Mark 15:40 the mother of Jesus is deliberately referred to as mother of James and Joses to help discredit her. Under this name she is associated with Mary Magdalen and Salome as failing to transmit the oral resurrection message. Thus, as part of introducing textuality, Mark is discrediting the most plausible oral tradents of the gospel, i.e., the disciples and the family! (Where in the New Testament is the family presented as tradents of the *Jesus* tradition? The Epistle attributed to James the brother of the Lord puts no emphasis on quoting Jesus.) Marcan textuality in its concentration on the cross constitutes for Kelber a corrective of the more free-swinging christologies of the oral stage, many of which survive in apocryphal literature. Bultmann posited a chasm between the preserved gospel and the largely unknown Jesus of the ministry. For Kelber, the pre-written Jesus tradition was in opposition to the written gospel. Because of oral fluidity and prophetic creation it is irrelevant to ask whether even the pre-written tradition is faithful to Jesus in his ministry. I would agree that there is a distance between Jesus and the written gospel, but I do not find Kelber's interpretation of the distance a great improvement over Bultmann's chasm.

A new kind of woman

THE DIARY OF BEATRICE WEBB
Vol. I, 1873-1892
Edited by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie
Harvard, $25, 424 pp.

Neville Braybrooke

BEATRICE WEBB's diary is to be published in four volumes. She began it in 1873, at the age of fifteen, under her maiden name of Beatrice Potter, and the last entry in the first volume, dated 23 July 1892, reads: "Exit Beatrice Potter. Enter Beatrice Webb, or rather (Mrs) Sidney Webb . . ." There are accounts of her adolescence; her search to find a career; her long drawn-out and obsessive passion for the Radical politician, Joseph Chamberlain; and her tricky courtship with the rising Fabian ideologist and socialist, Sidney Webb.

In Britain the Webbs were to play a major role in the Labor Movement, in founding the London School of Economics, and in the creation of the Welfare State. Their partnership, despite some early setbacks, was to flourish; in the beginning though, Beatrice had described Sidney as being as ugly as a tadpole, and she had mentioned to her family his shaky vowels and lack of savoir-faire. For two years he had pleaded with her to marry him, but it was not until after her father's death that she agreed. Even so, she had to be convinced that their joint-usefulness to society would be increased by marriage. The argument which seems finally to have carried the day shows a nice piece of lateral thinking on Sidney's part: "One and one, placed in a sufficiently integrated relationship, make not two, but eleven."

Beatrice regarded her diary as an "impersonal confidant" to whom she could confide her feelings about prayer and positivism; about her London Season and her suicidal tendencies. Occasionally her diary reveals longings which she subsequently repressed. One of these was to be a novelist. "At pure 'fiction'," she was to remark once, "I want to have my 'fling'," and many of the entries here suggest that sociology's gain may have been literature's loss. Her descriptions of

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visits, disguised as "Miss Jones," to the Lancashire cotton-weavers at Bacup are first-rate examples of what is now known as investigative journalism; so, too, are her descriptions of her experiences as a trouser-finisher in a sweatshop in London's East End, where "a shilling a day [was] . . . the price of unskilled woman's labor." Then there are her puncturing comments on some of the old families in England: "The Trevelyans are . . . distinguished for lack of distinction and for their luck in marrying heiresses." Although never as catty as Virginia Woolf, she can be just as sharp.

To Virginia Woolf, Beatrice Webb appeared formidable — a woman of causes, who was old enough to be her mother; but to Leonard Woolf, she appeared slightly differently — a woman with the soul of an artist, who suppressed her imagination and passion because of those causes. In 1926 when Beatrice Webb brought out the first volume of her proposed auto-biographical trilogy under the title of *My Apprenticeship*, she drew heavily on her diary up to the time of her marriage. When Virginia read it, she noted in her own diary that it displayed a woman trying to relate all her experiences to history; Beatrice against the growing scientific temper of the nineteenth century, had unconsciously presented herself as "a historical phenomenon."

Between the two World Wars when Virginia Woolf's novels were being published, it is worth recalling Beatrice Webb's criticism of them. She thought the characters lacked predominant aims and that one state of mind followed another without any particular reason. Beatrice Webb used to feel guilty if she could not find reasons for things. In her view reasons gave things an automatic value. Balzac's cynicism and disbelief in the progress of human nature had distressed her, when she had read his books at the age of twenty-three, because for her progress was the key to life. On September 30, 1889, she declares: "In my work Science must precede Art." Ideally she recognized that Science and Art should be one, but in the sociological discipline that she had chosen to work in as a writer, whose study was to be the poor, the causes of poverty, and a scientific description of society, she also recognized that whereas in art the representation of one individual might tell the whole story, in science to *know* the whole story countless instances must be observed. Her concern was with the perfect representation of facts and of their proportionate values. Characteristically, therefore, much as she admired Mayhew's *London Labor and London Poor* (1851) as a mine of information, she regretted that it had no opening commentary and that it reached no "destination."

In the case of the Webbs, ideologically, their eventual "destination" was to be Soviet Communism — the full title of their 1935 joint-book being *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization*. However, this part of their story, and how sadly ill-founded their optimism about Russia was to prove, belongs to later volumes of the diary.

What is significant about this volume (the next one, *All the Good Things of Life*, will be published in December) is the portrait that it provides of a girl, who by her late teens had begun to feel that she had not the right to live unless she was fulfilling some duty towards humanity. This coincided with her belief that "every woman has a mission to other women" — and the word "mission" should be marked. All around she decided that social questions had eclipsed religious ones as the vital matters of the day. "The clergy, as an adequate organization, are worked out," she is already saying by 1883 — and continues: "Some secular body must take their place." Yet later, when she comes to discussing the Co-operative Movement, she speaks of "the religious element of work for humanity" that has entered it and made it a vivifying force; in its creed, she finds, it has embodied the (Christian?) ideals of fair trading, ethics in industry, and care for the workers.

Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie, who have edited the diary admirably, point out in their Introduction that Beatrice Webb was sustained all her life by a vague Deism and found spiritual comfort in prayer and a vocation in public service. But if public service came easily to her, prayer often became increasingly difficult. Living through a period in which the Church of England and, to a lesser extent, the other churches were to lose the support of the working-classes, the Webbs (and Beatrice long before her marriage) looked for ways in which those classes, commonly referred to then as the poor, might be regenerated and given hope. Her active researches as an investigator in the East End and elsewhere had taught her that the masses were made up of individuals. Driving through the crowded streets of the capital in the 1880s she records how on one occasion every face that she saw seemed ready to tell her its secret history. Virginia Woolf, in the next century, was to have a similar reaction when driving through London.

Richard Potter, Beatrice's father, had been a successful railway promoter; he had ensured that all his nine daughters, of whom Beatrice was the eighth, should have financial independence. She was conscious that she came from the privileged classes, and when she writes nostalgically about her father as a boy in Manchester who enjoyed "shaking the oil out of the street lamps" (until apprehended by the local police), she is quick to add that he was a street boy by inclination and not by necessity. When she first met her future husband Sidney in 1890, she tells her youngest sister that he has none of the social assurance or graces that spring from great wealth or owning estates. In Bacup, when she was disguised as "Miss Jones," she cannot resist entering in her diary how one old shrewd farmer smelt a rat and asked if her father was a Lord. As a woman frequently moving in a world of government circles where husbands dominated their wives, she observes: "It is only with working men one feels free to sympathize without fear of unpleasant consequences." Among trade-unionists she draws attention to an anti-feminine bias, which is not to be found among members of the Co-operative Movement.

One of the interesting sidelights exhibited by *The Diary of Beatrice Webb* is its advanced attitude towards the sexes and sex. Celibacy, she argues, is as painful to a woman, even from a physical point of view, as it is to a man.

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In Beatrice Webb, with her beauty, private means, and high intelligence, there emerged a new kind of woman in public life — a woman whose cultivated charms and money she used as an instrument of power for the benefit of the masses. Her opposition to the mass measures of the Poor Law sprang from the fact that such legislation did not take into account the individual. A few months before the Dock Strike of 1889, she describes a type of woman who will one day step forward as a savior of humanity, and carry within her a mother's instinctive wisdom for the welfare of her children and their descendants. This woman will, she prophesies, unite "charm, ability, and religious enthusiasm" in the cause of good. Beatrice Webb, to a large extent, became such a woman.

Vicarious suffering & atonement

THE PASSION OF AL-HALLAJ
MYSTIC AND MARTYR OF ISLAM
Louis Massignon, translated & edited by Herbert Mason
Princeton, $125, 4 vols. 1498 pp.

Huston Smith

WITH the third world pulling itself out of the colonial ditch—Japan in the economic passing lane, OPEC holding trump cards at the international poker table—it is not surprising to find Western studies of oriental history and civilizations coming in for sharp rebuke. Edward Said's *Orientalism* sets the tone. If the sword followed the cross, he says, the pen in turn followed the sword. For two hundred years Western scholars have filled the world's libraries with books that depict orientals and their civilizations as inferior. Not the least of the damaging consequences of this cultural imperialism is that Asian intellectuals who wish to achieve self-consciousness in the modern world must themselves wade through this muck that sucks at their self-esteem. In this context, Herbert Mason's translation which makes Massignon's study of al-Hallaj available to the English-spealing world, appears to something of an event. For in addition to being definitive and monumental—in translation the set consists of three volumes totaling 1498 pages plus a 294-page fourth volume devoted entirely to bibliography and index—the French original has stood for most of this century as a model of the way Western scholarship can illumine a foreign culture, not patronize or denature it.

There are several ways—I shall note three—in which this publication can be seen as a phenomenon. First, as one of the final issues in the now completed Bollingen series, it rounds out a program of subsidy—nicely recounted in William McGuire's *Bollingen: An Adventure in Collecting the Past*, Princeton, 1982—that brought us over one hundred distinguished titles in literature (including *The Collected Works of Paul Valéry* and Kathleen Raine's *Blake and Tradition*), depth psychology *(Collected Works of C. G. Jung)*, and comparative religion (Heinrich Zimmer's *Philosophies of India*; Mircea Eliade's *Shamanism* and *Yoga*; Roger Lipsey's three-volume edition of the life and papers of A. K. Coomaraswamy). Many of these items were ahead of their time, and could not have been published without Bollingen's sponsorship.

Second, quite apart from its anchor position in the Bollingen series, this translation climaxes one of the most focused projects of humanistic scholarship this century has seen. Massignon became obsessed with the figure of Hallaj at the age of twenty-five and poured the entire forty-five years of his career as an Islamicist at the Collège de France into studying him. That his student and friend, Herbert Mason, University Professor at Boston University, devoted thirteen years to translating and editing Massignon's study only compounds the dedication that produced this remarkable product. Mason has also come up with a distillation of the entire project in a short dramatic narrative, *The Death of al-Hallaj*, which the University of Notre Dame published in 1979.

Third, as already noted, *The Passion of al-Hallaj* is a landmark in transcultural scholarship. Shortly after the Iranian revolution a columnist noted that though no part of the world is more important for America's well-being in the foreseeable future than that complex of religion, culture, and geography known as Islam, "no part of the world is more hopelessly, systematically and stubbornly misunderstood by us" (Meg Greenfield, *Newsweek*, March 26, 1979); Normal Daniel's *Islam and the West: The Making of an Image* (University of Edinburgh, 1966) documents that misunderstanding in detail. And within Islam, no figure is more complex and enigmatic than the tenth-century mystic and martyr, al-Hallaj. That Massignon succeeded in crossing this cultural barrier to the point of understanding, perhaps more fully than any Muslim ever has, its most puzzling figure is a testament to the transcultural possibilities of scholarship when empathy and scholarship empower it.

Massignon's empathy was of a proportion that calls for explanation, and it turns

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out to be dramatic. As a student on an archaeological mission to Mesopotamia, he was arrested on suspicion of being a French spy. Following a severe bout with malaria he escaped, but in the course of these trials fell into a depression so acute that he would have taken his own life had it not been for what he experienced as a spiritual intervention. Being at the time in Hallaj's territory, he came to feel that Hallaj was involved in some way in that visitation—he had had a part in rescuing him in order that he might become his definitive interpreter. This causal, empowering aspect of Massignon's career lies, of course, outside academic speculation and discussion, but it does not obtrude into his work itself; we would not even know of it had not Mason done some detective work which he reports in his Foreword that places Massignon's work in context. But it is good to have this element introduced. Mason presents Hallaj and Massignon as living friends. Massignon's command of Arabic removed the language barrier. The religious barrier—in his later life Massignon became a Franciscan tertiary—was reduced by the fact that Hallaj appears to have consciously modeled his life on the Qur'anic account of Jesus. As for the barrier of time—exactly a millennium separates the death of Hallaj (A.D. 922) and the first edition of the present text (A.D. 1922)—Massignon disposed of it by reconstructing, and in the process vicariously entering, virtually the whole world of tenth century Islam. With time, language, and religion thus accommodated, the stage was set for a living relationship. Massignon considered Hallaj an accessible person, one he came to know and cherish as much as he did his own self. "It is not so much I who have fathomed his heart," Massignon would say, "as he who has fathomed mine and fathoms it still."

The original edition of *La Passion d'al-Hallaj* was devoted to translations of the martyr's extant poetry and prose. When, forty years later, in 1962, Massignon died, he left behind a greatly expanded version representing forty years of additional research which was published as the second French edition in 1975. It is this second edition, translated and edited with an important Foreword, that Mason gives us in the present volumes.

Husayn ibn Mansur of Persia, known as al-Hallaj, the carder (or reader) of hearts (A.D. 858-922) is recognized as one of Islam's greatest saints and mystics and its most famous martyr, but beneath this popular regard lie a host of enigmas. That he was executed by his own people—fellow Muslims—is but the beginning. Why did he break with his fellow-mystics, the Sufis? Above all, why did he seem actually to seek martyrdom, almost engineering (it seems at times) his own demise? Massignon answers the social, interpersonal parts of the puzzle by situating Hallaj's life at the junction of the foremost currents in the Islamic world at that time. He was the victim of a political trial that brought face-to-face the contending factions of his age: Sunnis vs. Shi'ites, scholars vs. Sufis. whose tragic conflicts coincided with the breakdown of the universal Caliphate and Arab unity.

So far Massignon's explanation is convincing; it shows that under the formal reason for Hallaj's condemnation and execution—his famous "*ana'l-haqq*, I am the Truth," where Truth doubles as a synonym for God—a host of forces were working to find an excuse to get rid of a trouble-maker. More subtle is Hallaj's own psychology which, as noted, seems actively to have sought martyrdom. Massignon looks for the explanation for this bent in Hallaj's theology. This is the subtlest region of his study, where three momentous possibilities of the human soul—mystical union, atonement, and vicarous suffering—converge. Whether Massignon's account of these matters justifies Hallaj's behavior depends, I suspect, on where the reader himself stands on these issues, but let me summarize as best I can Massignon's conclusions. Hallaj pushed his union with God to the point where the two terms became transposable: at times he would address God, but then the roles would reverse and God, speaking through him, would address the objective Hallaj. And when God did thus enter and speak through him, Hallaj had the authority to act in ways that were binding on God, for (to repeat) at such times God was acting and speaking through him. It was thus that he could see his death as an atonement for wrongdoers and the damned. If he, as God, went to this extreme for them, they would be saved, for it was God who was doing the dying; that he did this through Hallaj's body was immaterial.

No brief statement can do justice to this complex subject, and quite apart from brevity I am not sure that I have Massignon's analysis altogether straight—has anything ever been written on vicarious suffering and atonement that makes these subjects objectively intelligible? In any case, Massignon's wrestlings with the issues mark the heart of his study, and I do not see how he could have done better by them.

To return to more manageable matters, Volume One tells the story of Hallaj's life and death and describes the world in which he lived; Volume Two traces the growth of his influence in Islam over the centuries; Volume Three sets forth the structure of his thought; and Volume Four contains a full bibliography and index.

Though I retract nothing from my praise for every aspect of this enterprise, I must enter a major caveat. Huge sections of the books are unreadable; indeed, they were not designed for reading in the usual sense. They are, rather, reference sections, catalogues of information one can consult if interested in

---

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PATRICK JORDAN *was formerly one of the editors of* The Catholic Worker *in New York.*

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specific facts—a demographic statistic about tenth-century Baghdad, the teachings of a particular Islamic school on some theological nicety, the meaning of terms that might appear in a Sufi lexicon, or whatever. Readers must also be prepared to encounter technical terms which are not likely to be in their dictionaries any more than they are in mine—"heacceity," "illeity," and the like. And of course footnotes abound, sometimes as many as six to a single sentence. In short, this is scholarship at its most high-powered, uncompromising best. The marvel is the way it is deployed to further understanding, not to double for or obscure it.

I do not see how footnote 68 on page 341 of Volume Three can be correct, but this is the only typographical error I noticed in books that were obviously lovingly produced. Auspiciously, they make their appearance in Massignon's centennial year—he was born on July 25, 1883—to take their place alongside commemorations that UNESCO, the Collège de France, the Oriental Institute in Cairo, and Notre Dame de Paris have mounted. It is rumored that Mason is embarking on a single-volume joint biography of Massignon and Hallaj for a wider audience.

In brief

AGING AS A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY, *by Eugene C. Bianchi. Crossroad, $17.50, 285 pp.*

It is a common impulse, as Eliot's Prufrock demonstrated, to dodge the great questions of life, and particularly, as Eugene Bianchi reminds here, questions attached to being old—which translates to questions of identity, worth and personhood in elderhood. Bianchi's thesis is that in middle life the individual is summoned to a more contemplative mode of being amid the continuing responsibilities of worldly involvements, so that one's aging is transformed "into a temporal and timeless opportunity to enhance the basic worth of the self." The approach is Jungian in the psychological sense and Christian in the broad religious sense, with occasional excursions into Judaism and Eastern religions. Adding personal, historical dimensions to the book are interviews with 22 men and women, including Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, Dr. John C. Bennett and Sister Mary Luke Tobin. The professional psychologist might complain that the interviews are narrowly conceived, involving as they do individuals primarily from the academic and religious fields. Nonetheless, the interviews are the most interesting parts of the book. The rest is so difficult as to leave the book market still short of what is needed: a book on aging and spiritual well-being that is neither drivel (most of what's out there) nor so esoteric as to bore the aging and aged right out of their skulls.

JOHN DEEDY

BEYOND THE NUCLEAR FREEZE *by Robert F. Drinan, Seabury, $7.95, 170 pp.*

This book by the Jesuit law professor and former congressman is a short history of arms control *cum* handbook for advocates of the nuclear freeze. It states the variety and gravity of the issues at play—moral, legal, economic, strategic. It poses hard questions for freeze advocates in terms of raw politics and the military consequences of a freeze. It is strong on questions, thin on solutions.

Father Drinan cautions that the vast enthusiasm for the freeze movement in 1982 could evaporate if world events were to inflame America's deep anti-Soviet instincts. (Those instincts, he states, are "profound, pervasive, and perhaps paranoid.") He underscores the heady complexities of nuclear negotiations with the acid tension of nuclear *angst*: "One of the most disconcerting elements in the present nuclear situation is the certainty that there is no certainty about what the next development will be." This is exemplified by recent events. In his book Father Drinan proposes Congress's 1982 refusal to approve funding for binary biological and chemical weapons as a model and linchpin for regulating and then reducing super weapons of all kinds. That legislation was damningly reversed after the recent destruction of the South Korean airliner.

"Star Wars" Prospects

. . . The new generation of space technology holds as much peril as promise. Militarily, it offers little to deter, much to encourage a traditionally paranoid Kremlin to believe a surprise attack might work, and much in the offing to make the Russians, despite any momentary lead they may now have, feel insecure for the future.

Hence the U.S. negotiators at the Geneva START talks have every reason to expect the Russians are as eager as we ought to be to resume negotiations for an arms accord on anti-satellite weapons — suspended after the invasion of Afghanistan. The parable for space technology may have been set by that first star-gazer Thales: for a while it may get you a corner on something like the olive trade, but it tends to make you forget what's on the ground — the fall into the well from which there may be no returning.

— *Commonweal*, October 22, 1982

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Father Drinan sees détente as the only means of avoiding nuclear disaster. The present course assures nightmare. He calls for acting on all fronts, but himself is left high on the fence between being prophetic or "practical." His book is one of high and necessary aspirations. It demands concrete action.

PATRICK JORDAN

Correspondence

(Continued from page 546)

vaded Central America/the Caribbean area over one hundred times, has "historically acted as an outlaw with respect to civil strife in Latin America," and has been the beneficiary and supporter of pro-U.S.A. dictatorships over more independent, more democratic governments in the area since the days of Napoleon Bonaparte. In its current intolerance of the independence movements that have sprung up against its dictatorships in Central America and its attempts to crush them, the U.S.A. is behaving as it has always behaved for nearly 200 years in this part of the world.

2. Thus, the Russians are imitating the U.S.A., not vice versa, re the Brezhnev Doctrine, with one important difference: For centuries, Russia has been on the receiving, not the dispensing, end of invasions by the countries that border it; defense considerations, a desire to keep the rest of the world from having yet another crack at taking it over rather than any master plan to take over the rest of the world, motivates its behavior (regardless of which political and economic philosophy reigns there now). The U.S.A. on the other hand, has been the invader, not the invaded, per Central America/the Caribbean (not to mention sundry other countries in other parts of the world); U.S. expansionism, militarism and opposition to free, independent states within its empire, is far more behind current U.S. behavior there than any U.S. fears about its national security.

3. Nobody familar with the numerous dictatorships and police states in the West with their total lack of human rights (the Soviet-bloc countries at least have economic human rights), their horrendous repression (Soviet bloc dissidents go to jail or labor camps; in our dictatorships, dissidents "disappear" or are openly murdered . . .) and the support they receive from the Western democracies, especially the U.S.A. Nobody can really believe that "the western side of that balance protects crucial liberties from the encroachment of totalitarianism," as your editorial put it. From what I read every month in Amnesty International's Monthly Bulletin (not to mention my two recent visits to Cuba, which is a lot more open and free than we are led to believe up here) if I had to live in a dictatorship, I'd far sooner live in the kind that one finds in the Soviet bloc than in those of the "free world"; as a person who likes to shoot off her mouth a lot, my chances of living to be a little old lady with all of her basic needs taken care of are far better in the former than in the latter.

4. The Sandinistas are indeed not the same as Solidarity. Solidarity believed in constantly confronting the Polish government, making greater and greater demands that it wanted satisfied overnight, finally helping to precipitate martial law in Poland and its destruction. The Sandinistas have bent over backwards to avoid provoking the U.S.A. to take action to subvert them, to no avail, since U.S. actions to subvert the Sandinistas have nothing to do with Sandinista behavior and everything to do with the

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U.S.A.'s intolerance of a free, independent regime within its empire.

5. If the Sandinistas have sided with "Poland's oppressors," it is because U.S. support for and determination to reestablish Nicaragua's oppressors leave it no other choice but to turn to the other superpower for support. Incidentally, you can't tell a revolution by its supporters: Despotic, monarchial France supported the U.S. Revolution against Britain. The U.S.A. domestically a democracy, creates and supports some of the most vicious dictatorships on this planet. The USSR, domestically a dictatorship (something that Russia has been long before the advent of Communism) supports countries fighting to free themselves from dictatorships.

6. If *Commonweal* could, for a minute, put aside its own hostility towards the Sandinistas:

a) it would discover that many religious and other groups speak very positively about the new regime there. (In Canada, the Inter-Church Committee on Human Rights in Latin America; the United Church *Observer,* which is the organ of our largest Protestant denomination; the Catholic weekly *Prairie Messenger,* CUSO, which is our version of the Peace Corps; Oxfam, etc. They aren't uncritical of the Sandinistas, but they don't call every mistake and fault of this new, young government which has been under fire from the U.S.A. since its birth, a major human rights violation or see these as "proof" that the new regime is a totalitarian dictatorship.)

b) If you are going to jump on one-sided, propagandistic information about Nicaragua, when are you going to go after the totally negative image of the Sandinistas that we get every day from our "news" media (the same "news" media that kept silent for 40-+ years about the U.S.-backed Somoza dictatorship there.)? Unlike the publication by the Intercommunity Center for Peace and Justice which will reach a few hundred people over a long period of time, our "news" media reaches millions of people every day with that propaganda. Indeed, *Commonweal*'s anti-Sandinista propaganda will reach more people more quickly than the ICPJ's publication. And when are you going to attack the "Solidarity-can-do-no-wrong" propaganda that appears every day in our "news" media and has been adopted by our "independent" press as well?

(MS.) K. TAYLOR

Congar for sale

Butler, Wisc.

To the Editors: In the article "The Return of Yves Congar" by Joseph Komonchak [July 15], the author states ". . . it is even difficult to find his works for sale in Catholic bookstores. . . ." Your subscribers might be interested in knowing that Clergy Book Service, an Apostolate of the Sacred Heart Fathers and Brothers, does have some of Congar's older works for sale [12855 W. Silver Spring Dr., Butler, WI 53007]. In limited quantities we have the following works: *Jesus Christ, the Revelation of God, Christians Active in the World, Faith and the Spiritual Life,* and *Blessed is the Peace of my Church.* For more information about our service, customers may call toll-free: 800-558-0580.

TOM BRUCE
Director of Marketing

Commonweal Doctrine?

Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: I welcome *Commonweal*'s editorial attention to the "Reagan Doctrine" [Aug. 12] though I think it could have been more direct than it was. Editorial subtlety aside, I would have preferred a discussion in the context of what the editors think our "kind of society" should be. A number of your readers might well accept the kind of society President Reagan envisions, i.e., the self-appointed crusader against Communism anywhere and everywhere, and might well be prepared to adopt his doctrine.

I am most troubled, though, by what appears to be a new *Commonweal* doctrine. In their determination to avoid being tagged with a "pacifist" or "isolationist" label, the editors rush to the opposite extreme of accepting "immediate military action, unilateral if necessary" as a response to the installation of weapons aimed at the U.S. Surely, in the light of the recent bishops' pastoral, some intermediate options might be explored before endorsing what traditional just-war teachings insist must be "last resort."

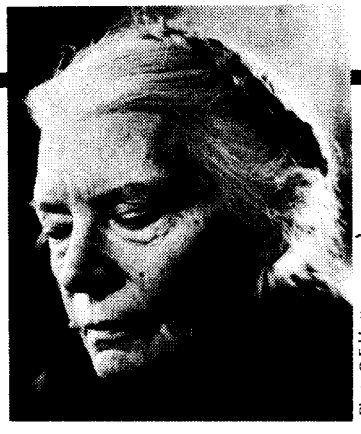
My memory may be at fault, but I do not remember that *Commonweal* has ever been as willing to proclaim the right of the Soviet Union to take such "justifiable" action against weapons aimed at them. Or are you holding back on that until the cruise and Pershing missiles are securely in place? GORDON C. ZAHN

Church/world watch

(Continued from page 554)

of others. This is not a plea to divert attention from the nuclear question, but to use our experience of it to address chronic questions with cosmic consequences.

J. BRYAN HEHIR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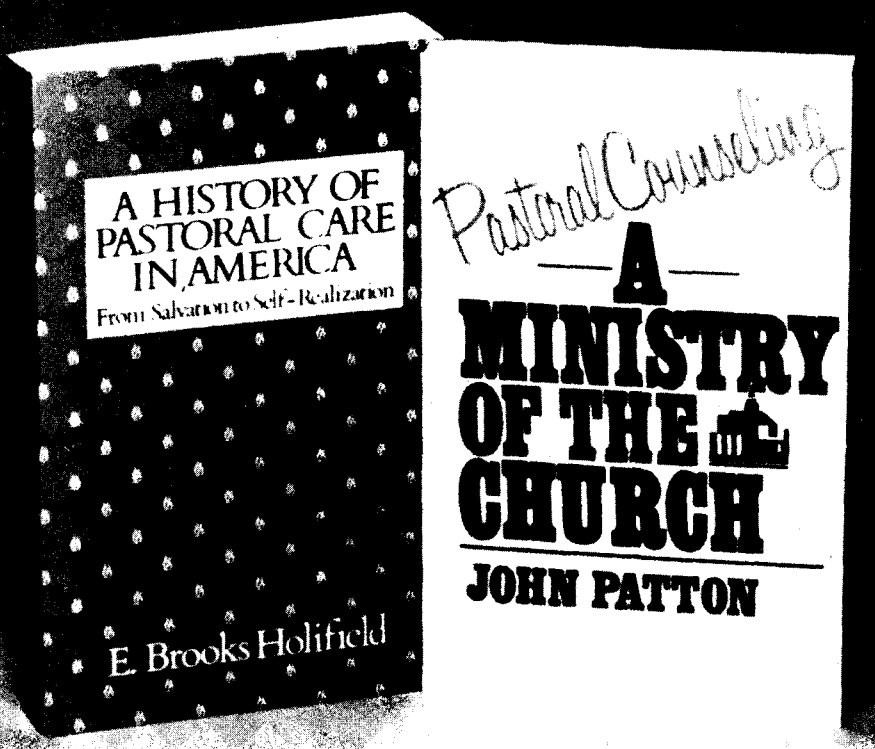

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